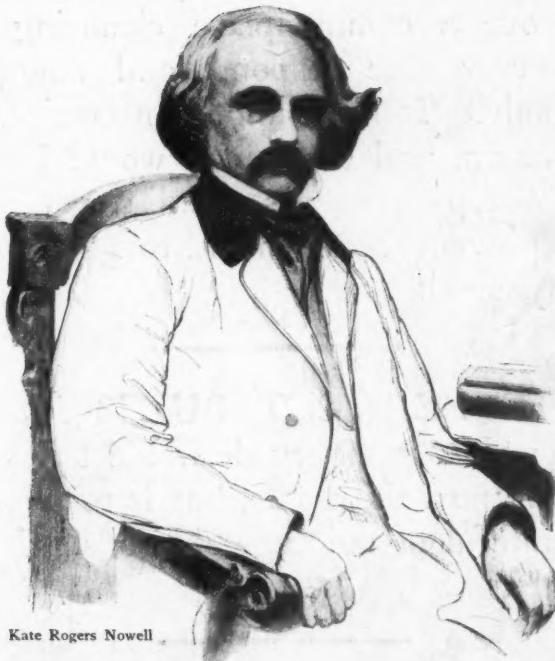


GENERAL LIBRARY

UNIV. OF MICH.

JUL 2 1901

THE CRITIC



Kate Rogers Nowell

80
82

HAWTHORNE NUMBER
JULY



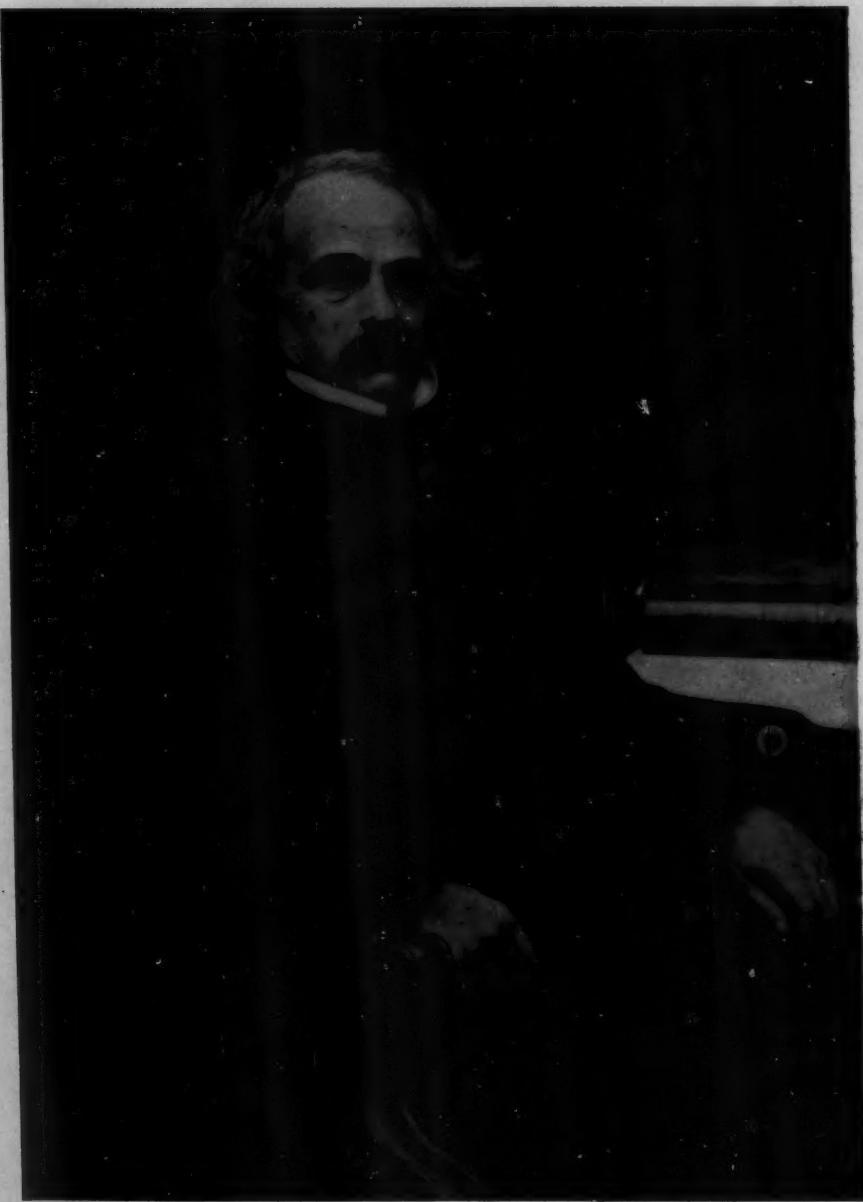
OUT O' DOORS

SUMMER PLEASURES are essentially out-of-door ones. All the active sports make the bath a luxury; add to its delights by using HAND SAPOLIO, the only soap which lifts a bath above a commonplace cleansing process, makes every pore respond, and energizes the whole body. It is a summer necessity to every man, woman, and child who would be daintily clean. Keeps you fresh and sweet as a sea breeze; prevents sunburn and roughness. Make the test yourself.

THE PERFECT PURITY of HAND SAPOLIO makes it a very desirable toilet article; it contains no animal fats, but is made from the most healthful of the vegetable oils. Its use is a fine habit.

HAND SAPOLIO is related to Sapolio only because it is made by the same company, but it is delicate, smooth, dainty, soothing, and healing to the most tender skin. Don't argue, Don't infer, Try it!

131468



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

From a photograph by Brady

Born July 4, 1804—Died May 19, 1864

THE CRITIC

Vol. XLV

JULY, 1904

No. 1

The Lounger

I AM particularly interested in the tragic situation of Mr. Ion Perdicaris, as I used to see a good deal of him and his family when he was in New York several years ago. Mr. Perdicaris was then a comparatively young man. He had a good deal of feeling for art in its various forms, and was bitten by the mania to write a play. This play was called "My Picture," and was written around an enormous canvas, nearly as big as a drop curtain, that Mr. Perdicaris had painted. If I remember rightly, he acted in the play and so did his wife and his step-daughter, Miss Nard Almayne. Miss Almayne appeared in a "curtain-raiser," the name of which I have forgotten; but it was supposed to be a take-off on the fads and foibles of New York at that time. Mr. Perdicaris wrote the most of the play, but, according to the program, the "local allusions" were supplied by Mr. Townsend Percy. For these Mr. Perdicaris was not responsible. They were not received very cordially by the audience; in fact, they were treated with levity, and what might have been a scene of uproar was quelled by a dignified little speech made by Mr. Perdicaris. Some time after this Mr. Perdicaris played the part of the ghost to the Hamlet of Herr Bandmann. Then he went back to Tangier, where

he made his home; and that was the last I heard of him until his capture by the bandits.

22

When the late Henry M. Stanley was last in New York a big reception was given him, and it was remarked by some of those present that he stood all the time with his back to the wall instead of standing out where people could pass behind him. Some one mentioned this to Mrs. Stanley, and she laughingly replied that it was an old habit contracted in Africa; that he always stood with his back against a tree or a barricade when brought in contact with the savages, and it had become such a habit with him that he took that position no matter where he was. During this visit of Stanley to America I had a pleasant conversation with Mrs. Stanley one evening, after a dinner-party given to the explorer. She spoke of the amount of slang used by American women, whereat one of the women sitting near her said: "My dear Mrs. Stanley, you do us injustice. American women do not use slang nearly as much as English women do. Why, if I should use a word of slang my husband would jump on me with both feet." Mrs. Stanley apparently acquiesced, but I think she was firmer in her conviction than ever.

COPYRIGHT 1904, BY THE CRITIC COMPANY.
ENTERED AT NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

The Critic

The news of the death of Laurence Hutton came to me not only as a shock but as a surprise. A few days before I had received a letter from him written in his familiar bold backhand. He seemed to be perfectly well then, and all winter, in the letters I had from him in regard to his autobiographical papers written for and soon to appear in THE CRITIC, he appeared busy and interested in his work and there was no word about ill health. He spoke of his wife's ill health, but never a word of his own.



I first met Mr. Hutton many, many years ago. He had then published his first book. It was called "Plays and Players," and was a gossiping account of his own experiences as a first-nighter. I collected some eight hundred portraits and autographs to "extra illustrate" this book, but alas, I have never found the time to put them properly together. The last time I saw Mr. Hutton was perhaps a year ago. He was crossing Twenty-third Street to Broadway from the Flatiron Building, in company with Joseph Jefferson. I stood on the corner a moment and looked after them as they picked their way across the crowded street, and I remember saying to a friend with me, "You would think Jefferson the younger man from the lightness and quickness of his step. Hutton stoops more and moves with the caution of an old man." Perhaps the disease that took him off had already made itself felt.



Laurence Hutton had a genius for making friends. He was kind and cordial in his manner and strangers "took to him." He was in every sense of the word a good fellow and he will be missed.



Sympathy seems to be equally divided between Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice and Mrs. Bass, the original of "Mrs. Wiggs." Apparently Mrs. Bass was not the "Mrs. Wiggs" that Mrs. Rice painted or she would not have lost her temper to the extent of pouring slops

over a too enthusiastic visitor. "Mrs. Wiggs" would never have done such a thing. It seems that Mrs. Bass was merely a suggestion; that the character was really created by Mrs. Rice. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* takes up the cause of Mrs. Rice and proves that she has been very much wronged in the matter. The *Courier-Journal* tells us that Mrs. Rice has given large amounts of money to Mrs. Bass to help her and even offered to find her a home somewhere else if she was annoyed by the attentions of visitors to the Cabbage Patch. But apparently she did not object to these attentions, for she continued to remain there.



A journal kept by Hawthorne and his wife, covering the first year of their married life, has recently come into the possession of a New York dealer in autographs. It is partly in the husband's handwriting and partly in Mrs. Hawthorne's. Needless to say, it was not sold for a song.



A portrait of Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D., editor of the *British Weekly*, the *Expositor*, etc., has been, or is to be, drawn from a photograph recently taken, and is to be printed in tint and sold to subscribers only, at prices ranging from one guinea to one pound eleven shillings and six pence, the latter figure applying to a limited number of artist's first proofs, signed. The matter is in the hands of Messrs. Beynon & Co., of Cheltenham, who anticipate a large demand for Mr. Michael Hanhart's work. If one-tenth of the regular readers of Dr. Nicoll's contributions to the *British Weekly* and other periodicals subscribe for his portrait, the publishers will not be disappointed. I am told by a leading English publisher, by the way, that the *Weekly* is the best advertising medium for books in England.



If versatility were a proof of mental force, Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton would rank among the giants. At thirty he



THE LATE LAURENCE HUTTON AND HIS DOG
ON THE STEPS OF "PEEP O' DAY," PRINCETON, N. J.

The Critic

has published one volume of serious verse and is about to publish another; he has written and illustrated a volume of nonsense verse, and made a very spirited and amusing series of illustrations for a collection of similar verses from another hand; two volumes of paradoxical essays have attracted the attention of the critics; lovers of Browning are indebted to him for a stimulating and suggestive life of that poet; and for the same series (*English Men of Letters*) he is preparing another biography. He has now come before the public with a romance; and *Harper's Weekly* has begun the publication of a serial—"The Club of Queer Trades"—from the same inexhaustible and unresting pen.



The romance referred to—"The Napoleon of Notting Hill,"—issued a few weeks ago by the Bodley Head, is a pure extravaganza, the scene being laid ostensibly in an unfashionable quarter of London, but actually in No Man's Land, at a period a hundred years hence. Early in the twentieth century the King of England is chosen "like a juryman upon an official rotation list." When this story begins, the choice falls upon a confirmed jester, who is incapable of taking anything seriously, least of all himself. (The critics, by the way, identify His Majesty with Mr. Max Beerbohm, the caricaturist.) As a gigantic joke, the new autocrat decrees that each of the many boroughs into which London is divided shall have henceforth the rights and privileges of a mediaeval city, with all the pride, pomp, and panoply of the Middle Ages, its officials wearing gorgeous costumes, and being escorted by heralds, standard-bearers, and men-at-arms. Every one—including the newly created officials themselves—sees the absurdity of the thing, save only Adam Wayne, the Lord High Provost of Notting Hill, an idealist of the most flagrant type, who by force of arms maintains the sacred rights of his bailiwick against the rival boroughs and all the forces of modern commercialism. After twenty years of civic prosperity,

during which Notting Hill has come to dominate London, if not all England, his power wanes; he is slain in battle, and the King dies fighting by his side. On the last page, however, they or their ghosts appear again, and go out into the world together, as Adam and Eve went out from Eden. For the fanatic and the humorist have discovered that they are as essential to each other as the man is to the woman and the woman to the man.



Toward this conclusion, which the author himself is far from regarding as lame and impotent, the whole story tends; and the telling of it has obviously afforded as much entertainment to Mr. Chesterton as the reading must afford his admirers. To say that it abounds in paradox is another way of saying who wrote it. It is tomfoolery with a note of seriousness at its base. And being by Mr. Chesterton, it is as inevitable that there should be many passages of imaginative power in it, as that it should be exceedingly clever and amusing. I should be amazed, however, if it became popular, at least in America; but the reader to whom it is not caviare will enjoy it hugely.



There have been great changes in the Appleton firm within the past few weeks. Mr. W. W. Appleton, who since the reorganization of the house has been president of the company, has retired from that position, though he will be chairman of the board of directors. On the other hand, Messrs. Charles A. and Edward D. Appleton retire from the board. Mr. Edward Appleton represents the house in Chicago, Mr. Charles Appleton represents it in Boston. The new president of D. Appleton & Co. is Mr. Joseph H. Sears, formerly of Harper & Brothers. Mr. Sears is a young man, a trained journalist, a writer of successful novels, an editor, having edited *Harper's Bazar* and *Harper's Weekly*, and is accredited with having more ideas to the minute than most men in the publishing business have in an hour.



MR. GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

The Critic

David Graham Phillips, whose new book, "The Cost," is enjoying deserved popularity, was born at Madison, Indiana, on October 31, 1867. He came, I am told, of rugged stock. His father and mother were the children of Indiana (Jefferson County) farmers, and were the first of their families in several generations to live in a town. Mr. Phillips's mother had the Western idea of education, with its usual strong and strenuous energy. She started her children at a very early age along the road of books. David used to read the Bible in family prayers when he was not more than three years old. As a boy he had a passion for study and reading, which he indulged in at the expense of out-door exercise. At nine he had a tutor in Greek and Hebrew, but the dead languages were neglected for fiction and history.

From the public schools in Madison he went to DePauw University, then Indiana Asbury, entering the Sophomore class at the age of fifteen. The college life of those days is reflected in "The Cost." After the Junior year he left for Princeton, where he took his degree in the Class of '87. After graduation he drifted into newspaper work on the Cincinnati *Times-Star*; from there to the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*; then to the New York *Sun*; then to the *World*, as London correspondent, and afterwards as editorial writer. In January, 1902, he gave up journalism in order to devote himself exclusively to the pleasant and profitable labor of novel-writing.

22

Some two years since, a dramatic poem appeared in London under the title of "Kiartan the Icelander." The name of the author, Newman Howard, was unfamiliar to the critics and the public, and notwithstanding the rather remarkable merits of the work it was generally ignored. One man who read it was so impressed by its beauty, however, that—on the very natural assumption that an obscure writer of good poetry must be poor—he dropped in at the publisher's, and left a hundred-pound note for the author. As it hap-

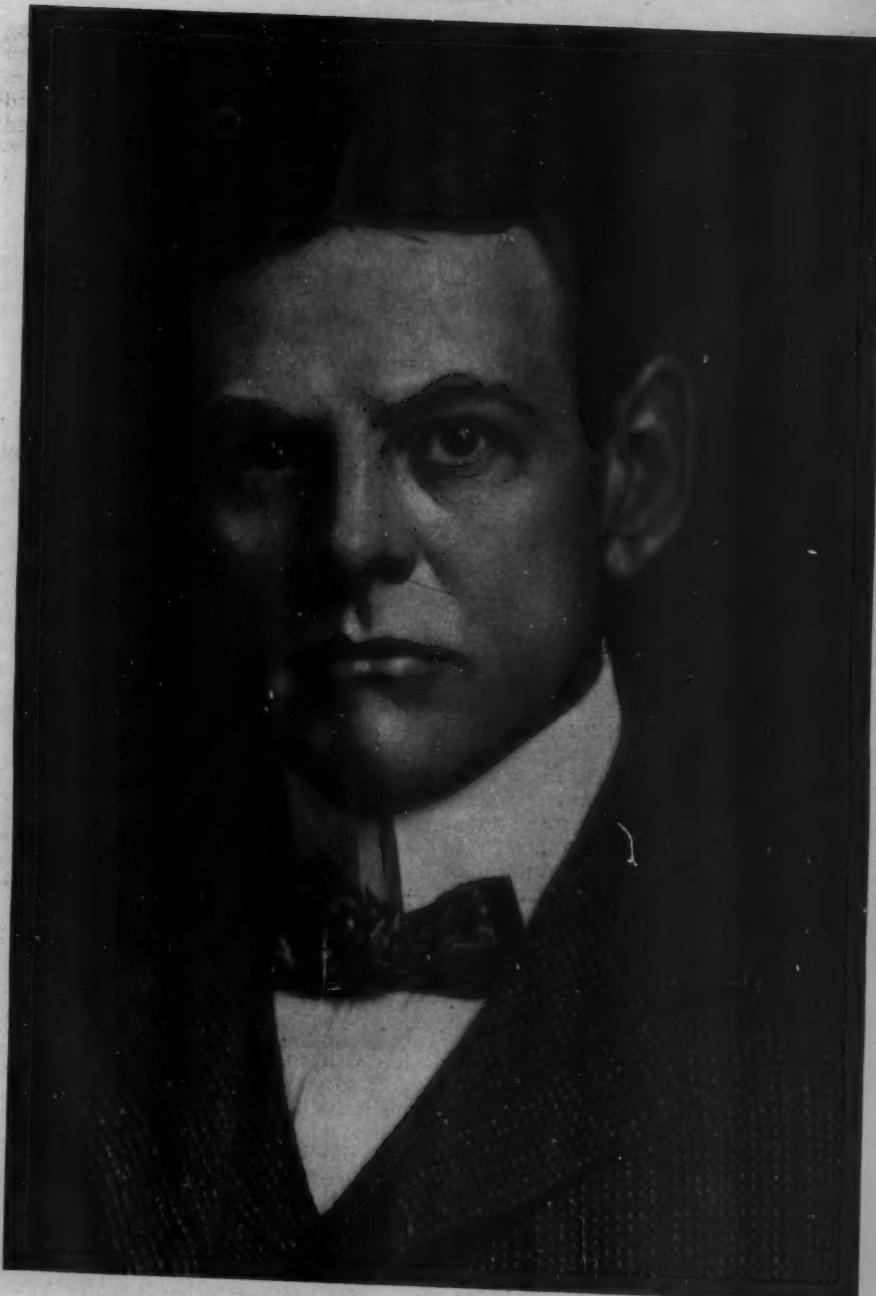
pens, Mr. Howard is not as poor as poets are supposed to be, and usually are, having achieved a competence as (of all things) a chartered accountant. So the money was not needed, as it would have been by Keats or Chatterton, for instance; but it could not be returned, for the generous giver was anonymous; and the subsequent disclosure of the true state of the case has not caused him to reveal his identity. It is not surprising, in the circumstances, that Mr. Howard's new work, "Savonarola: A City's Tragedy" (Dent), should be dedicated "To an Unknown Friend."

23

It was objected to the earlier tragedy that the scene was unfamiliar, and the proper names strange and harsh. Some of those best qualified to judge and enjoy it were disconcerted by its remoteness of theme and setting from the life and literature with which they were familiar; and doubtless this had much to do with the failure of "Kiartan" to attain popularity. No such objection can be urged against the present drama, "Savonarola." One would have to search long for a lover of poetry unacquainted with the scene in which the story is set, and the types of character dealt with in telling it. The great Florentine priest and popular leader is one of the most famous and familiar figures of the Renaissance; and the Italian soldiers, politicians, aristocrats, buffoons, mechanics, and what-not, are the stock in trade of half the dramatic poets that have ever lived. Even when, for the sake of local color, an Italian phrase is introduced, nine readers out of ten will guess its meaning.

24

Yet even so, we doubt that the poem will attain any real popularity; the reason being that the author has done his work almost too conscientiously. "Savonarola" is not, indeed, a dramatic poem, but a full-sized, five-act poetic tragedy in blank verse interspersed with lyrics. There is a full assortment of *dramatis personæ*, speaking their proper speech throughout. If



MR. DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

The Critic

the drama were to be played, there would be little to do in order to fit it for the stage. But nothing is less likely than that a manager will be found ready to produce a piece of such magnitude in which the love interest is so slight as in this tragedy—a tragedy not of individuals so much as of a city, as the sub-title rightly calls it. If the author of this play seeks a wide reading, he will do well to write a slighter and simpler work. So and not otherwise can the public be brought to recognize his gifts as singer and seer. That these gifts are unusual, many a lyric and many a passage in blank verse in this new work attest. "Savonarola" has greater weight if not greater charm than the widely different poetic tragedy that preceded it. I see that the *Athenaeum* gives the new drama more than a page of praise, and that the *Oxford Magazine* lauds it to the skies.



I should not be surprised to hear that Mr. Swinburne is at work on a poetic drama dealing with Savonarola.



Readers of THE CRITIC know well how highly Mr. Eden Phillpotts admires the work of R. D. Blackmore, and realize the fitness of his selection to unveil the memorial of the great author which was recently placed in Exeter Cathedral. The rural life of Devon had an equal fascination for the old man who has passed away, and the young one who is still living and working. "Lorna Doone" is "a romance of Exmoor"; "Children of the Mist," "Sons of the Morning," "The American Prisoner," etc., are romances of Dartmoor. Blackmore and Phillpotts alike were possessed by the spirit of the moor. Their richly humorous work is racy of the soil they knew and loved so well. Both were men of high artistic ideals, who shunned the distractions of the town, and gave to their gardens the leisure left by their literary tasks. And the moor knew them, and cherished them in its granite heart, and has repaid their love and devotion. Mr. Phillpotts, though born in India, is of Devon stock, and still makes Torquay his home, having abandoned London

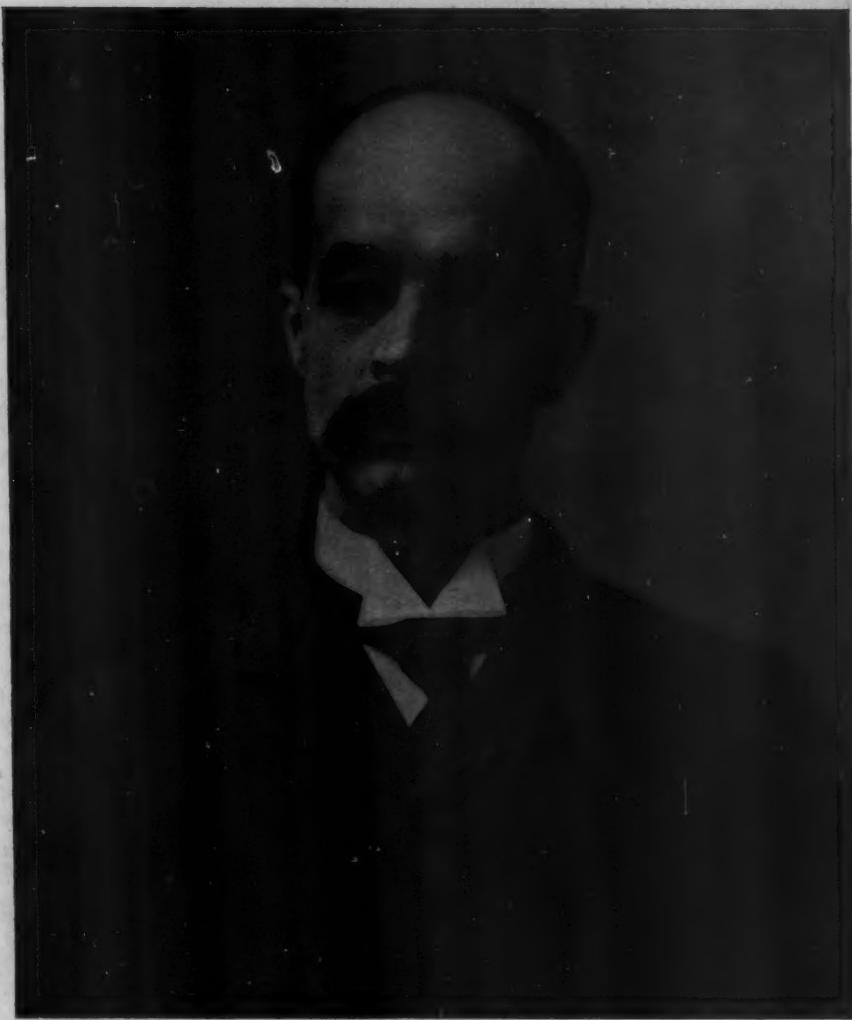
as soon as he was able to earn a living with his pen. Blackmore, on the other hand, was born in one of the counties into which the great city extends, and died in another, but was educated chiefly in Devonshire, that breeding-place of admirable writers, with which his fame is lastingly linked.



I fancy there are few if any writers who at her age have produced so much that is worthy of publication as Miss Anna Alice Chapin, whose "Masters of Music" was issued recently by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., and is to be followed in the fall by "Makers of Song." At fourteen Miss Chapin had published the words and music of a lullaby through Messrs. Wm. A. Pond & Co.; and at fifteen she wrote her first book, "The Story of the Rheingold," which was published by Messrs. Harper & Bros. She is still in her early twenties, yet the tale of her writings already includes, in addition to the works named above, "Wotan, Siegfried, and Brunhilde" and "Wonder Tales from Wagner," both of them Harper books; and "Discords," a collection of highly imaginative stories, printed at the Pelham Press and "handled" by F. A. Stokes Co. She has just finished a striking novelette, which will probably appear without her name; and is at present collaborating with Mr. Glen MacDonough on a prose version of his popular comic opera, "Babes in Toyland," which Messrs. Fox, Duffield & Co. have in preparation.



Besides all these books, Miss Chapin has written innumerable short stories and special articles, the latter mostly on musical subjects, and a number of songs which have been set to music and published. Miss Kathryn Kidder appeared a number of times, in 1902, in a comedy of hers, "Lady Calmore's Flirtations," and she has just signed a contract for a play to be brought out in New York by a French actress next season. If any other equally young woman of letters can match this record, I shall be glad to know who she is—and so will THE CRITIC'S readers.



MR. ROLLO OGDEN
Editor-in-Chief of the New York *Evening Post*

Mr. Swinburne's new volume of poems is to be called "A Channel Passage, and Other Poems." It will be published in London by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, who have been Swinburne's publishers for many years, and in this country by Messrs. Appleton.

We are to have in the fall a new volume of Queen Victoria's corres-

pondence. It is said to contain much new and valuable material.

22

I take pleasure in presenting the portrait of Mr. Rollo Ogden, who was recently made editor-in-chief of the *Evening Post*. Mr. Ogden has been connected with the *Post* for a number of years and is one of its most vigorous and scholarly writers. He has found

The Critic

time, notwithstanding his multifarious editorial duties, to write an interesting biography of William Hickling Prescott for the American Men of Letters Series.



The London *Daily Chronicle*, which is the most alert of all London dailies in the matter of literary news, has had in a recent issue an article of nearly a column in length on the American book and how it appeals to readers in England. According to the *Chronicle*, it is a positive fact that the demand for literature coming from this side of the Atlantic is steadily on the increase. The *Chronicle* adds a statement which I am quite sure will be undisputed over here, that "this greater interest must be entirely gratifying to those American publishers who for so many years have been wooing the English reader." The *Chronicle* goes on to say that England looks to America for advanced scientific and technical books, and for these there is a really steady English demand: "There are up-to-date American books on modern discoveries and inventions which are not to be found in England. Then, too, there is a certain demand for the hundreds of books published in the States dealing with the 'New Thought,' as it is called, and its allied subjects."



Instead of being jealous of this American invasion, the *Chronicle* seems to rejoice in it, and it rejoices particularly that "the quality and quantity of American literary productions are leveling up. There are many authors in America who are really first-class writers, who have the true gift of writing, and who are using it righteously and judiciously; and the American people are quick to recognize this." The *Chronicle* goes on to say that English publishers are more and more realizing the possibilities of American literary wares. "There is already a keen competition for the best of them, and that is a good sign. This is a case where he who receives as well as he who gives is benefited."



The *Chronicle* certainly looks at the

situation from a liberal point of view. The very fact that it welcomes American books and authors shows that England is not as insular in its consideration of foreign literature as it used to be. England now apparently wants the best, and if it can get the best from America it welcomes it with outstretched hand.



It has been stated repeatedly of late that English books are not as eagerly sought for in America as they used to be. I am not so sure of this. I think that the English book still has its audience over here, and always will; but there is no doubt that the American book is having its day. It would not surprise me to see more American publishers opening branches in London. The most of them are represented over there, but not more than three or four at the most have regular publishing houses in London. Messrs. Putnam's Sons were the first American publishers, I believe, to establish an English house. Some of those who followed their example fell by the way. Messrs. Harper have made a success of their London business, which is entirely independent of the New York house. Of course there is a close connection, but the London Harper & Brothers is not officially connected with the New York house. Mr. Clarence McIlvane, who used to be with Messrs. Harper in New York, and who went with Mr. Osgood to London, has been, since Mr. Osgood's death, the head of the English firm of Harper & Brothers.



I take much pleasure in presenting herewith the portrait of Mr. F. B. Sanborn. THE CRITIC has the honor of including Mr. Sanborn's name among its contributors. Mr. Sanborn has lived in Concord, Mass., the most of his life, and there he was an intimate friend of all the great men who made that town their home. Not only did he count Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau among his intimates, but he reached out to Cambridge and Boston, and his friends included Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, and all the "giants of those



MR. F. B. SANBORN
The last of the famous Concord
group of writers.

days." Mr. Sanborn has just finished a history of New Hampshire, which is something more than histories of states usually are. It is a volume that any one might enjoy reading, whether they care for New Hampshire or not.



It is a pity to cast a stone at an honorable calling, but some of the illustrations in the group of recent novels deserve notice not altogether flattering. If readers were allowed to choose between illustrated and unillustrated copies of current fiction, I wonder how many would take the pictures, and how many would prefer their own imagination, unaided by some one's misconception of the text. Mr. Frank E. Schoonover has illustrated "The Deliverance." The frontispiece alone is enough to condemn his work, if one were judging solely from first impressions. Maria Fletcher, described in the book as the embodiment of feminine charm, is represented as an aged, scrawny spinster with blond hair; on page 342 as an equally unattractive old person with dark hair. On page 168 Christopher is a blond; on page 342 the same cloud that affected Maria has colored his hair dark. Such illustrations hinder the reader's play of fancy.



The illustrator of "The American Prisoner" is Mr. Claude Shepperson, whose frontispiece represents the heroine lying "where the grass made pleasant cushions amid the granite boulders." Mr. Shepperson, in his eagerness, caught the word "cushions" and has depicted the young woman in a bathrobe on a heap of fluffy pillows. On page 187 we are told that John Lee hid behind a broken wall, and through a chink in it kept watch upon the ravine as his grandmother came down to her treasure-house. The illustration shows not a sign of a wall or a chink. John is hiding behind what may be boulders, but are probably some of the original cushions borrowed from the frontispiece. In "Her Infinite Variety," a mere bagatelle of a story about an Illinois Senator, his sweetheart, and

a Woman's Rights lawyer, told with a touch and go that makes it good reading for an idle hour, the principal features are the illustrations by Mr. Christy. But they are decorative, not illustrative in the strict sense of the word. Mr. Christy does not see fit to subordinate his work to the text—he follows his own will, with a general impression of what is requisite, and if the result coincides with the text description, good! If not, well, good again. His persistent disregard of nice details is clearly shown in the present illustrations. On page 2 Amelia trips down-stairs in a lace-trimmed gown to meet her lover; five minutes later, on page 10, there is no lace, and the fashion of the garment has undergone a mysterious and rapid alteration; she is represented as sitting on a hassock, elbow on knee, chin on hand, whereas the text describes her with "elbow on the arm of her chair." Again, on page 137, the elbow is "on the arm of the sofa"; but Mr. Christy has a settled aversion to Amelia's favorite attitude, and represents her as clutching the upholstery of the sofa with both hands. Miss Greene's large white sailor hat, page 104, should be a "little brown turban," and the illustration at page 154 shows that she must have carried with her adjustable epaulets, which she sewed to her tailor gown when she met proud ladies.



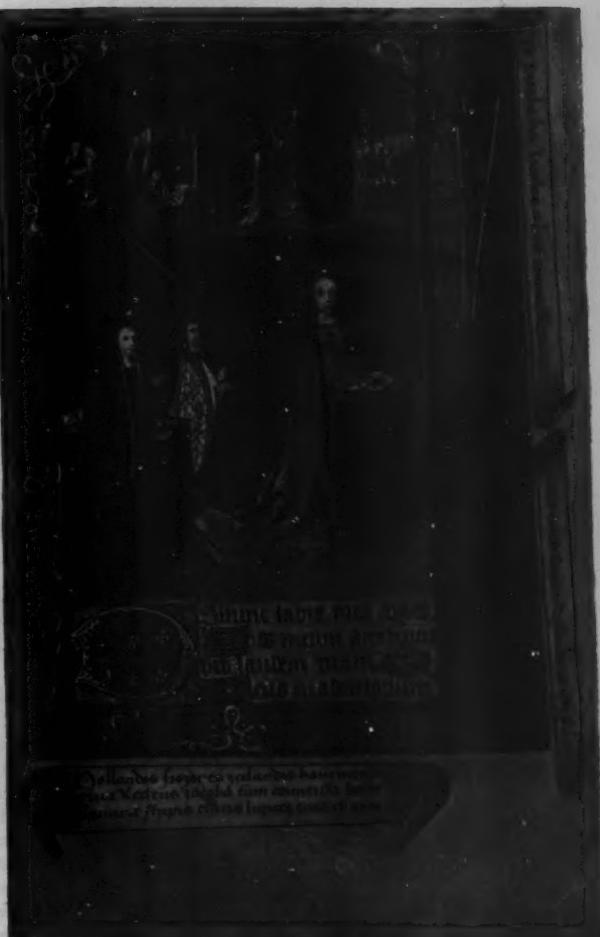
The New York correspondent of the *London Times*, presumably Mr. George W. Smalley, is a bold man. In a letter to the *Times* he discusses literature in society, meaning New York society, and he names Mrs. Wharton, Miss Caroline Duer, Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Mrs. Eustis, Mrs. Payne Whitney, Mrs. Clarence Mackay, and Mr. Eliot Gregory, "with far-off echoes of the delicate humor of Charles Lamb," as representing society in literature. Mr. Smalley evidently means by "society" the set described by the late Ward McAllister as the "four hundred." Has Mr. Smalley forgotten Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. John Elliott,

to name but a few women writers who, without a stretch of the imagination, can be described as in "society?"

Mr. Smalley's letter seems to have been written for the purpose of exploiting Mrs. MacKay's new novel, "The Stone of Destiny," a book which he supposes "New York may think twice and thrice before it accepts," for there is "nothing to which this glittering company of men and women, of such complicated ancestry and descent, shows itself more implacable than to any departure from its own settled habits of thought." None the less, he thinks, "will 'The Stone of Destiny' find readers among those of like mind with its author—those who, like her, do really care for the serious things of life; among which, to her and them, literature is one."



In a recent number of the *Bibliothèque de l'école des chartes* (1903, p. 314) M. Leopold Delisle has described a charming little "Book of Hours," illuminated to order in 1436 by an unknown artist of decided talent belonging possibly to the Van Eyck school. On the page where the quaint, immature, pretty, astonished little virgin is approached by an angel not at all pretty, smug, self-satisfied, overweighted by his wings, appears the portrait of Jacqueline of Bavaria, the last Countess of Holland. This patron of art died before her book was completed, and it was finished for her husband, Frank van Borsselen, whose own portrait is worked into another illumination.



THE JACQUELINE BOOK OF HOURS

From the possession of a branch of the Borsselen family the book passed to France. It is now owned by M. le Compte de Murard, in whose family it has been since 1597, as shown by the records of data inserted on extra leaves.



Miss Elsie Elizabeth Johnson, of Denver, Colorado, asks the question, "Was purple Tennyson's favorite color," and answers it with the following quotations:

Flung ball, flew kite, and raced the purple fly.—
"The Princess."

Above the empurpled champaign.—“The Princess.”

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying.—“The Princess.”

Tho’ smock’d, or furr’d and purpled.—“The Princess.”

Far-fleeted by the purple island sides.—“The Princess.”

Or red with spirited purple of the vats.—“The Princess.”

Of purple cliffs, aloof desried.—“Ode to Memory.”

Purple-spiked lavender.—“Ode to Memory.”

Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.—“The Dying Swan.”

From the brain of the purple mountain.—“The Poet’s Mind.”

And long purples of the dale.—“A Dirge.”

Rare broidery of the purple clover.—“A Dirge.”

In the purple twilights under the sea.—“The Mermaid.”

And the hearts of purple hills.—“Eleanore.”

The purple flowers droop.—“Oenone.”

His waters from the purple hill.—“The Lotos-Eaters.”

And languish for the purple seas.—“To J. S.”

And over the sullen, purple moor.—“Maud.”

And steering now, from a purple cove —“The Daisy.”

And seeing one so gay in purple silks.—“Enid.”

His purple scarf, and held, and said, “Forbear.”

—“Enid.”

How oft the purple-skirted robe.—“The Voyage.”

His golden feet on those empurpled stairs.—“Lucretius.”

And all the purple slopes of mountain flowers.—“The Last Tournament.”

That like a purple beech among the greens.—“Edwin Morris; or, The Lake.”

Across the purpled coverlet.—“The Sleeping Beauty.”

Beyond their utmost purple rim [occurs twice].—“The Day-Dream.”

Purple gauzes, golden hazes, liquid mazes.—“The Vision of Sin.”

And makes the purple lilac ripe.—“On a Mourner.”

Winnow the purple, berring on both sides.—“Timbuctoo.”

Waiting to light him with her purple skies.—“Love.”

Arching blue-glosséd necks beneath the purple weather.—“Dualisms.”

Rolled together in purple folds.—“The Hesperides.”

Purple fringed with even and dawn.—“The Hesperides”

Far-sheening down the purple seas.—“A Fragment.”

Wrap them together in a purple cloak.—“Harold.”

Fallen every purple Cæsar’s dome.—“To Virgil.”

Purple or amber, dangled a hundred fathom of grapes.—“The Voyage of Mealduns.”

Filling with purple gloom the vacancies.—“The Lovers’ Tale.”

A purple range of mountain-cones.—“The Lovers’ Tale.”

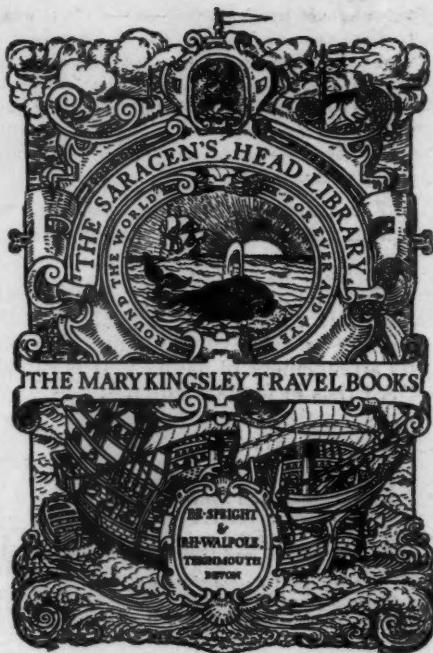


GORKY AND SKITALETZ

The two Russians whose portraits are here given are not twins, nor are they any relation, though they look very much alike. The one to the left is Maxine Gorky; the other is Leonide Andreyeff, who writes over the name of “Skitaletz” the Tramp. While both of these authors write of tramp life, they do not look like tramps as we know them in this country. By the way, what has become of the Gorky boom?

22

I think that I may claim to have introduced the writings of the late Maurus Jokai to the American reader. Some years ago, I forget just how many, I heard of Jokai through my Hungarian friends, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Korbay, who were then living in New York. I immediately got into communication with the Hungarian novelist and induced the Cassell Publishing Company to publish his then most recent book. This book bore the unfortunate name of “There Is No Devil.” It was a good story, but not one of Jokai’s best. His best, in my



opinion,—that is, among those translated into English,—is "Eyes Like the Sea," which is more or less an autobiography of the author.

I am pleased to read in an English paper that Jokai's short stories represent his best work, for this backs up my own opinion. I remember a long time ago having a translation of one of his short stories sent me; but whatever became of it I don't know. I doubt if it was ever published. I read it in the manuscript and I shall not soon forget it. It was called in the translation "The Little Sailor Hat," and was the story of a young woman of charming manners but easy morals who had gone on board a man-of-war as the guest of a young officer. While she was in his stateroom a visiting committee came on board the ship, and she overheard one of the number remark that if a woman was found on board the officer who brought her would be dismissed the service. When the committee on

its rounds opened the door of the state-room of the officer who had brought her on board, he was in a state of nervous apprehension; but there was no one there. When the committee retired, satisfied with its investigation, he made an excited search, but the woman was gone. From the port-hole he saw a little sailor hat floating on the waves. Then he knew what had happened, and why.

I have received from the Saracen's Head Library of Teignmouth, Devonshire, England, a prospectus of the first series of a library, which consists of reproductions of old works of travel, exploration, and adventure, and has been named The Mary Kingsley Travel Books. They are thus especially associated with the memory of the late Miss Kingsley, whose life-work was in so great a degree inspired by the exploits of the old voyagers. The largest of these volumes, we are told, has been be-trimmed by rarity, geographical value, and romantic interest. In many cases they will be reproductions of books which have never been reprinted. In other cases they are the originals of the abstracts found in collections, such as those of Purchas, Harris, and Pinkerton. The specimen pages sent by the publishers show that these books will be beautifully made. They will be issued in two editions, one limited to three hundred copies, the other, on Japanese vellum, limited to twelve copies.

I wonder if "A Magdalen's Husband," by Vincent Brown, is to be published in America. The book was offered to a number of American publishers, and declined by them in turn. It may have been finally accepted, but if it has been I have not heard of it. Some publishers to whom the manuscript was submitted objected to the title, others to the book itself. They thought it was too gloomy. But in England, where it has just been published, it is the book of the hour. Dr. Robertson Nicoll says it is decidedly

the most talked of book this spring. The author tells him that the idea of the book came to him from a terrible personal experience.



An American residing in Italy, in writing home, says:

Professors from American colleges travelling in Europe "astonish the natives" by their slovenly diction, hospitality to slang, often even, by downright blunders inexcusable in educated gentlemen. Books are reprinted on the continent which have not only the "American flavor," but alas! so many earmarks of transatlantic disregard of literary form that the question is often asked, "Have you now no real authors in America?" The American newspaper, if we except a few carefully edited journals, strikes the European reader of English with absolute amazement. It is leagues ahead of anything published on the continent in bigness, variety, enterprise, and loud self-assertion, but it shows no sense of responsibility in the care of the mother tongue. "The American language," as it is sarcastically mentioned by those able to make comparison, is not a thing to be proud of. Perhaps the fondness for novels in dialect and in "common speech"—that is, uncommonly careless and vulgar speech—will abate when our reading public begins to realize that really "fine language" is not mere sound and fury, signifying nothing, but the fit, vital expression of nourishing thought.



Mr. Whidden Graham writes:

A recent issue of your magazine contained an editorial paragraph referring to a picture of Count Tolstoy's sons in hunting costume, in which the statement is made that "it is curious that Tolstoy, who preaches against war . . . should take so keen a delight in killing. He . . . recently dislocated his arm while out shooting." As an admirer of Count Tolstoy, I am pleased to be able to inform you that these statements in regard to him are without foundation. He does not take a keen delight in killing, for he has not hunted or killed anything for more than twenty-five years. As he does not hunt, he, of course, did not recently dislocate his arm while shooting.

I am at a loss to know the origin of these and similar silly stories. For instance, the *Literary World* some time ago published the statement that Count Tolstoy had translated into Russian a particularly trashy book dealing with sex problems. In reply to my inquiry as to whether his father had translated the book, Count Sergius Tolstoy, the eldest son of Leo Tolstoy, wrote me: "Indeed my

father has not translated the — —." (I withhold the name as I do not wish to advertise the work.) An interesting volume could be compiled of mythical stories and anecdotes about Count Tolstoy. One thing is tolerably certain—that stories which represent him as acting inconsistently with his professed principles are in all probability merely inventions.

The Sphere, of London, was the excellent authority for my statement.



Out of scores of similar verses sent me I select this by Mr. Carroll Watson Rankin as being the most ingenious in its arrangement of names. It is called "A Crisis in Magazinedom":

Tired of the giddy "400,"
Of *Life* with its dreary *Outlook*,
Longing for mild *Recreation*,
Six friends a brave *Outing* once took.
Success depends upon *System*,
So each *Pilgrim* planned to indite
The name of the *Town* and *Country* he loved,
Plainly in *Black* and *White*.

Night after night *Round the Evening Lamp*
These *Men of To-morrow* sat;
In new *Red Books* they inscribed their plans—
Which much amused *The Black Cat*.
One cast his vote for a *Sporting Life*,
One harked to *The Farmer's Voice*—
With the great *Wide World* outspread on maps,
"T'was hard to make a wise choice.

"I," said *The Craftsman*, "am weary
Of *The Smart Set* and *Town Topics*;
According to *Public Opinion*,
"T'is livelier down in the tropics."
"I think," said the ravenous *Reader*,
Pausing to snuff *The Lamp*,

"T'would be *Just Fun* to try *Country Life*,

Indoors and *Out*, for our tramp."

"We'd relish, I think," said *The Churchman*,
"Our nice *Little Journeys* best,
If we left *The World's Work* behind us,
To spend *Happy Days*, *Out West*.
What to Eat is a puzzling question
With me, I'm free to confess,

I've been used *Ev'rywhere* to *Good Housekeeping*

And *Home Needlework*—more or less."

The Philistine wrote in his *Brown Book*—
Independent old *Booklover*, he—
"Metropolitan life—the *Business World*—
Is the *Field and Fancy* for me."
Said the *Judge*: "Let's cross *The Atlantic*,
To stroll awhile in *The Strand*."
Said *The Bookman*: "THE CRITIC and I, sir,
Prefer to ride *Overland*."

Alas for all visions of *Outdoor Life*!
To *Everybody's* dismay,
None of these squabbling friends would consent
To travel another man's way.
The Century threatened to vanish,
Round *The Dial* flew the hands of the clock;
The time that remained barely sufficed
For the six to run once round the block.

The Old Pipe and the New

By WARDON ALLAN CURTIS

Author of "The Adventures of Mr. Middleton"

WHEN we have said that smoking has its hold upon man because tobacco is a narcotic, we have by no means stated the case. That tobacco injures man because it is a narcotic is true, but that man craves it because of its narcotic qualities is by no means true of all smokers. That the nicotine in the plant soothes the nerves is true, and this belongs to the domain of chemistry. But the operation of smoking, the mechanical operation, soothes the nerves of far more men than does the nicotine thereby absorbed, and this belongs to the domain of physics, I was going to say, but perhaps it is more correct to say metaphysics,—a branch of it, psychology.

Watch an assemblage of non-smokers who have come together for a pleasant converse. Is any one of them sitting in complete repose? Not so. Here is one twiddling his thumbs, or beating the devil's tattoo on the arm of his chair; another is shaking his foot; another playing with his watch chain; others twirling handkerchiefs, opening and shutting knives, buttoning and unbuttoning coats, stroking their chins,—in short, one and all are doing something with hand or foot, unless particularly phlegmatic, when they will at least be making some facial contortion, grimacing, pouting, and anon sighing and grunting. Smoking, my dear sir, is principally a response to the desire to be doing something, the subconscious desire beneath the jurisdiction of volition.

By no means does this desire, this demand, belong solely to the hours of ease. It is likely to be at its strongest when our mental activities are being pushed the hardest. Behold a man engaged upon some weighty problem, a non-smoker, or a smoker not smoking, engaged upon a discussion with a business associate or business opponent. There he is, writing meaningless figures, covering a sheet with rude

scrolls, drawing uncouth pictures. Jay Gould always drew pigs. Or he places a handkerchief on the table, folds it, pats it, unfolds it, and begins over again; folds paper into geometrical shapes; waves his hands in cabalistical gestures, uniform with every repetition; rubs his nose, claps his knees—in short, does something. If he smokes, he is likely to do none of these things.

The craving for smoking is primarily and principally a physical one and in so far as it satisfies this, is a natural response and harmless. But its chemical action is often injurious, very injurious. The practice is often offensive to others, always entails expense. It becomes necessary or desirable for the victim to rid himself of the habit. That in the majority of cases it is a physical habit and holds him for that reason, is shown by the aids he has recourse to in his struggle for a cure. He chews gum, eats candy, or has "dry smokes." Candy cannot allay the unrest of nerves demanding a narcotic. Sugar is a nerve food, it is true, but its action is far too slow to make it a substitute for a drug. The action of gum-chewing, outside the stimulation of saliva, is purely physical. It is all a response to the incessant and irresistible desire to be doing something. To meet this desire, to satisfy not only the physical desire, but also the narcotic desire, if it be present, I propose my substitute, my remedy, that ancient, immemorial pipe known to us nowadays as the flageolet.

Now this humble, but most ancient of all musical instruments, humble despite its long and impressive liquid name, is, in spite of its lineage reaching into the night of time, comparatively unknown. Confounded with clarionets, piccolos, flutes, and oboes, the average citizen has only a hazy idea, if any at all, of this substitute for the tobacco pipe, this other pipe, solace of the swains in the Eclogues of Virgil and

The Critic

the shepherds of Sir Philip Sidney; pipe of Arcadia, whether it be the Arcadia of Hesiod or sweet Herrick, inseparable from all pastorals and softly blowing in many a lyric, too, if the lyre did give its name to that style of poetry. It is this pipe, tibia of the Latins, sounding its thin notes through the history of mankind since some paleolith first fashioned one from a shin-bone,—it is this pipe, ancient, though almost forgotten companion and friend of the race, which shall save the moderns from that other pipe, the despotic and destroying tobacco pipe.

When I was a little lad, I ran across a catalogue of a musical instrument house with a page of prices of flageolets. The name fascinated me, the price of the cheapest, one dollar and ninety cents, was within my reach. I determined to have one and lay awake at night thinking about it. I used to croon to myself, tootling up and down the scale, "flageolet, flageolet, flageolet." Oh, that any instrument could be so glorious as the imagined harmonies of the wonderful flageolet rolling through my infantile brain! Poor little flageolet and poor little youngster! Notwithstanding all this, it was not until after I had reached man's estate that I had a flageolet. It was not until I had learned to play on two of the nobler instruments, that I acquired a flageolet. I found it a charming instrument, but not in the ways I had imagined as a child,—no, not at all. I recommend the instrument to all persons, but especially to those trying to rid themselves of the habit of smoking.

For playing upon the flageolet satisfies nearly all the cravings that the tobacco pipe satisfies. It affords a gentle exercise, occupies the fingers, occupies the mouth, employs the lungs, like the tobacco pipe. It even has the narcotic quality of tobacco, though utterly harmless, for its little voice is soothing, lulling. In the fireside circle, no more than the tobacco pipe does it interfere with the conversation, for its

timbre is such that its music purls along without obscuring the deeper and fuller human voice in the slightest. You sit, idly breathing into it, your fingers straying over it, hearing all that goes on about you, anon removing it from your mouth to contribute some remark. Fine music, a loud instrument, makes a demand upon the attention and thought whether you are performer or listener. In the reposeful moments after a full meal, the time when the tobacco pipe is most grateful and serious thinking is distasteful, when mental effort is onerous, ordinary music is not tranquilizing. But the inane little childish flageolet, childish instrument of the childhood of the race, is soothing and grateful.

Of all instruments capable of rendering a piece of civilized music, it is the most facile. At the very outset, all other wind instruments interpose the serious obstacle of the embouchure, the "mouth." No "mouth" is required with the flageolet. Blow into it, that is all, holding it in any corner of the mouth you choose. The ancient Egyptians played this instrument with the nose! The twisting of the mouth, the faces a player makes performing upon other wind instruments, do not deter the æsthetic from playing upon the flageolet. The Athenians forbade flute playing by edict, for their æsthetic sensibilities could not endure seeing young men, with puckered mouths and set brows, puffing into a flute; though the Spartans, with no sense of beauty, a nation which has left no legacy of art or literature, made much of the instrument. No contortions, no apoplectic inflations, no strenuous suspirations and expirations accompany playing upon the flageolet. The lightest breath stirs it. It is not so large as many a tobacco pipe. Five dollars will buy the best one to be found. Pipe of the race, companion and solace of man up to the time of Sir Walter Raleigh, let it come to its ancient honor once more, rescuing us from the thralldom of its supplanter.

My Hawthorne Experience

By MONCURE D. CONWAY

IN 1848 the Richmond *Examiner* brought into our house "The Celestial Railroad," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Bunyan's dream was a sacred book in our household, and this travesty filled us all with delight. We were too simple in our remote village on the Rappahannock to appreciate fully the humor of Mr. Smooth-it-away filling up the Slough of Despond with volumes of French and German philosophy, or of Giant Transcendentalism shouting from his cave "in so strange a phraseology that we knew not what he meant, nor whether to be encouraged or affrighted." But we found satisfaction in identifying Rev. Mr. Clog-the-Spirit and Rev. Dr. Wind-of-Doctrine with preachers in each other's churches. We had never heard of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and all agreed that it was an allegorical name: Nathaniel was the guileless disciple and Hawthorne, perhaps, the crown of thorns turned to flowers. What then (at sixteen) especially charmed me was the simple and dainty style, and even more, perhaps, the freedom of dealing with such solemn matters in a vein of humor. That little satire so rooted itself in me that it gave shape to the twenty years' experiences following, as told in my "Earthward Pilgrimage."

I soon knew that Nathaniel Hawthorne was a genuine name, and a year or two later knew something of Giant Transcendentalism. Hawthorne had cautiously left it an open question whether pilgrims should be "encouraged or affrighted" by this giant; I had found my prophet in Emerson, and in 1850, when I read "The Great Stone Face," I saw that Hawthorne's pilgrimage had brought him to revere the Giant of Transcendentalism apart from the cave in which his disciples were congregating. In that finest allegorical tale ever written, the boy Ernest, after long searching for the prophesied great man, to be known by his resemblance to the Stone Face,

recognized by all others as himself the coming one, but still looking for one worthier,—that Ernest could only be Emerson.

I immediately secured the "Twice-Told Tales" and "Mosses from an Old Manse" and read them with infinite delight; but was too inexperienced to take to heart the tales afterwards found heart-searching. But after a year in the Methodist ministry,—namely, early in 1852, when prescribed beliefs and functions had become a burden, I could partially appreciate the allusion to Christian's burden in "A Virtuoso's Collection." "'O pray let us open it!' cried I. 'For many a year I have longed to know its contents.' 'Look into your own consciousness and memory,' replied the Virtuoso. 'You will there find a list of whatever it contains.'" I had found that my burden was not a part of me, that it was a pack of dogmas made up by others out of hopes and fears not my own. I must think my own thoughts, if possible live my own life. And just then a great searchlight turned on me: it was "The Scarlet Letter."

My pilgrimage had brought me at twenty to a pretty cottage and flower garden in Maryland, whose roses were fragrant with the affectionate care of my flock for their pastor. Gradually a portal had become visible through which I must leave my garden forever. But on the portal was Morning, wearing the face of Emerson, and beyond it was the vista of a happy career for my new ideas and ideals. Slavery was to be abolished, woman emancipated, politics purified, war to cease, dogma and superstition to shrivel under pure reason, and education to spread over the world. Then entered this strange man,—his all-searching eyes looking from every page,—who ignored those public causes in my vista,—with his tale of hearts crushed by men believing they were establishing the kingdom of heaven on earth. "'What of the

The Critic

human hearts with which your own fine realms of reformation are to be built?" he seemed to ask. "What of their passions, weaknesses, sorrows? What of your own heart?" I cannot describe the effect of that book on me further than to say that against the shadow it cast on my sunlit visions I saw defined a new cause to be added to my list: the angel with the scarlet letter on her breast, giving sympathy and counsel to the sorrowful women who sought her, assured them that at some brighter period "a new truth would be revealed, in order to establish the whole relation between man and woman on a surer ground of mutual happiness."

To think of those immorally moral Puritans sacrificing on a marriage altar of unhewn stones the great heart of Hester Prynne! How happy are we of the brighter period,—but lo, here comes Hawthorne with "The Blithedale Romance," and its figure of Hollingsworth. The seventeenth-century Puritan has slipped into the nineteenth-century philanthropist. Hester Prynne reappears in Zenobia, her bleeding heart on an altar stonier than any theologic dogma, the philanthropist she loved plunging into her breast his "fad" of steel.

Those two books—first and second volumes of the great New-World novel —came to me when fictitious hells faded and the actual hells began to appear; and reminded me that it remained the supreme end to save souls suffering not in eternity but in time and in flesh and blood.

Then on my Buonarotti portal into a new world was placed Night, with the imagined face of Hawthorne, where already was set Morning with the face of Emerson.

My new life began at Divinity College, Cambridge. Of the two men who represented for me the genius of America, Emerson I needed to meet, Hawthorne I only longed to see. I felt that I had all that Hawthorne could give me in his books. He had just written a campaign Life of a partisan President and been made a Consul, and although I could forgive anything to the genius who had written the pre-

vious books, my luminary was in temporary eclipse. Conversation, scarlet-lettered, seven-gabled, blithedaled, was not to be expected even if a crude Virginian had any claim to it, but I longed to see the Prospero who with his magic book had been filling the air around me with his beautiful masque. And in this I was presently gratified.

Early in May, 1853, I went to Concord with a letter to Emerson, and having arrived too soon for a call strolled out to see the Old Manse where Hawthorne had once lived and turned its "mosses" into poetic moss-roses. As I stood in the road looking through the avenue of ash-trees at the picturesque mansion, out of it stepped a man who came towards the road with an elastic step, and as he approached I felt it was Hawthorne. Although I possessed Emerson's portrait I cannot find or recall that I had then seen one of Hawthorne, though he had been described to me by fellow-students. It is my pet faith—or superstition—that I knew him by an inner light. Who else could have that superb figure, that soft-flashing eye (bent on the ground), that warm, rich complexion at middle age, and *beauté du diable*? I stood across the road and beyond the gate, and he did not observe me. As he walked on toward the town, whither I followed slowly, I was somewhat puzzled by his smart dress. For a Prospero in the pink of fashion I was not prepared. I did not reflect that the magician had left his isle, buried his book, exchanged his wand for a cane, and was now a Consul. (He was making calls before sailing for Liverpool and had just been to visit the Ripleys at the Old Manse.)

In July, 1860, Hawthorne returned from Europe, and a dinner of the Saturday Club was given a special character for his welcome. A large number of literary men assembled and he was greeted with greatest cordiality. He appeared hardly older than when I saw him seven years before, and even improved in looks. Agassiz sat at the head of the table, Hawthorne on his right, and either Emerson or Longfellow on his left. Hawthorne's repose was noticeable beside the vivacity of

Agassiz, but he did not sustain his reputation for shyness. He kept up an animated conversation with those near him. I had opportunity for but a few words with him on that occasion, and my seat at the table was too far to hear his talk; it was pleasant enough to witness his happiness in getting back.

Not long after the dread outbreak of war I passed a few days in the house of James T. Fields, Hawthorne being the only other guest, and he was dwelling fondly on Europe. Since discovering that he had even then thoughts of returning I always believe it was patriotic sentiment that prevented it. He told me that he was much disappointed in not meeting George Eliot. "I mentioned my wish to meet her to several ladies in London in whose houses I was a guest, but none of them were on visiting terms with her." He ascribed this to her irregular marriage to—or relations with—G. H. Lewes. One evening at Fields's house several ladies came in after dinner with the hope of seeing Hawthorne, who had gone to his room. I was deputed to coax him down-stairs. I found him reading Defoe's ghost stories. He listened pleasantly to my request in behalf of the ladies, then proceeded to talk rather volubly of Defoe and belief in ghosts; evidently he did not mean to go into company that evening. He asked me about the negro ghost-lore in Virginia; most of it was commonplace, borrowed from the whites. One of my stories seemed to him African: some of my father's farm servants declared that they had hastened to an enormous conflagration one or two miles away, but on reaching the place found no house and no conflagration—only one little coal of fire on the ground. Hawthorne did not take apparitions seriously, of course, and I concluded that he was writing some romance in which a delusion of that kind might be woven. He was too truthful to give me any excuse for the ladies, and I could only tell them that my hope of his coming down-stairs was faint. Next morning Hawthorne appeared at breakfast with a meek look, as if prepared for a scold-

ing, but the characteristic sunshine of our hostess warmed him into a charming flow of talk—mostly about England. He seemed to think of it as an Isle of the Blest; but my friend W. D. Howells visited him at Concord and wrote me: "Hawthorne took me up on the hill behind Wayside, and we had a silence of half an hour together. He said he never saw a perfectly beautiful woman; asked much about the West; and wished he could find some part of America 'where the cursed shadow of Europe had not fallen.'" Howells was then little known in Eastern circles and had never before seen Hawthorne: the biographer of Pierce so met the first biographer of Lincoln. He sent Howells to Emerson with a card on which was written: "I find him worthy."

In the summer of 1862, when we went to reside at Concord, Hawthorne had rapidly aged. His English sketches proved that his genius had lost no fibre of force, but the gray hairs were noticeable and care had begun its furrows. He had a preoccupied look as he walked the street, but carefully and smilingly saluted his acquaintances. He rarely visited any neighbors except the Emersons. I think he clung to Emerson more than in earlier life. Emerson told me he considered Hawthorne's account of Delia Bacon ("Recollections of a Gifted Woman") the best thing he had written. He came to a young people's company at our house, and seemed cheerful enough,—was, indeed, merry at a travesty-charade arranged by F. B. Sanborn on the word "Transcendentalism." He was very fond of children. On the occasion of a children's picnic near Walden Water my wife at his request found for Hawthorne a hiding-place where he might witness the dances and games of the little people without being observed. It looked as if in his sad sixtieth year he tried to recover a glimpse of that picnic masquerade witnessed from a covert at Blithedale (Chapter XXIV.)

As I was (with Sanborn) editing the Boston *Commonwealth*, established to direct the war to emancipation, I did not avail myself of my opportunities of

The Critic

making closer acquaintance with Hawthorne; not in the least because of any repugnance to his views, but because I feared it might prove a disturbance of the literary seclusion he must be trying to secure amid the storms around him. But I afterwards discovered that he had been at that moment the one neighbor of democratic antecedents who agreed with our view. He was writing to Horatio Bridge that "the annihilation of slavery" would be an object of the war that would "offer a tangible result, and the only one consistent with a future union between North and South."

In the spring of 1863 I visited England to give a few lectures on the inevitably anti-slavery character of the war, and finding that the Confederate agents were making the most of the official declarations of our ministers that slavery would not be affected by the conflict, I challenged the envoy Mason by a proposal that the South should deprive the war of anti-slavery support by itself emancipating the slaves. A misleading synopsis of the correspondence telegraphed to America brought on me general execration, and my wife, left in Concord, had to endure the storm. But Hawthorne treated her with marked sympathy. When she was about to join me in England he invited her to Wayside to see his collection of English photographs. He gave her counsel about the various localities she should visit, and cheered her in every way, attending her to the station when she left.

My wife was one with me in abhorring war more than slavery. In that we seemed alone among the anti-slavery people. Hawthorne was the knight-errant of the isolated. Although his "Recollections of a Gifted Woman" so pleased Emerson, I discovered, in conversation with Mayor Flower of Stratford-on-Avon, and others there, and with Francis Bennoch (for whom a room was named at Wayside), that Hawthorne had by no means revealed his own chivalrous devotion to that unhappy lady. His services to Delia Bacon were not at all consular, and he had no faith in her

theory; which was that Shakespeare was an actor and manager who brought out dramas written by a Round Table of philosophers and poets,—Lord Bacon at their head,—not to amuse the people, but to diffuse profound political and ethical ideas they dared not publish under their own names. Emerson, who had tried to dispel the delusion, introduced her to Carlyle, who was attracted by her personality, but foresaw insanity; also to Hawthorne, who, though also apprehensive, was moved by the sight of a refined and highly educated lady, attractive enough to shine in society, devoting herself—her whole life—to a literary paradox to which she had made no convert. He found her in an humble lodging, her means being small, engaged on her herculean task: in her octavo volume of nearly seven hundred closely printed pages, submitted to him in MS. (a copy is now before me), Hawthorne must have recognized learning enough wasted to have made her a leading figure in American literature. But he did not really read the book, for he had promised to write an introduction for it, and it was necessary that he should not associate himself with the theory. "Having never read this historical demonstration (which remains still in manuscript), etc. . . . I am not the editor of this work; nor can I consider myself fairly entitled to the honor (which, if I deserved it, I should feel to be a very high as well as a perilous one) of seeing my name associated with the author's on the title-page." So delicately did Hawthorne dissociate himself from the theory, as he had forewarned Miss Bacon he must; but as no publisher would print the book on his own account he paid for it, and he also delicately assisted her with money, though she never asked for it. Francis Bennoch told me he knew that Hawthorne paid out more than two hundred pounds for Delia Bacon, entirely from his own purse, though she had no claim on him whatever. "As he was bound to his consulate in Liverpool," said Bennoch, "I saw the book through the press. Few were issued and almost none sold. It was all done for Miss

Bacon, who had set her heart upon it. Hawthorne's solicitude about her when she was at Stratford-on-Avon was touching. For his sake I travelled there to see her several times. I saw that her mind was unhinged. She told me that she had resolved to die at Stratford-on-Avon, and had arranged with the sexton to have her grave dug close to the church wall, on a line with Shakespeare's, and the wall pierced so that her spirit might have free intercourse with that of Shakespeare. The insanity afterwards took the form of anger against Hawthorne, who was so kind and tender with her from first to last."

Of this tenderness and solicitude I heard from friends in Stratford-on-Avon. It was, I think, at Hawthorne's request that the distraught lady was

permitted to sit alone in the church all night,—of course, carefully watched by the concealed sexton. In fact, a genius like his own might write a romance which would show Hawthorne unconsciously going through in real life a drama somewhat like that he had imagined in the interviews of Miles Coverdale and Zenobia. It is even possible that Hawthorne knew or suspected that in poor Delia also there was a heart wounded by disappointment in love. However this may be, it has long been a deep satisfaction to my own heart to know that during those years in which his genius seemed to be imprisoned in a consulate Hawthorne was ministering to this lady in her prison of air as sweetly as the doves he presently pictured visiting Hilda in her tower at Rome.

Hawthorne and Emerson

By ELISABETH LUTHER CARY

IN Mr. Mackail's "Life of William Morris," we find a characterization of Morris that might with equal justice be applied to Emerson, different as the two men were in all other ways. Morris, his biographer declares, was "one of the people to whom personal matters bear far less than their normal share in life . . . he had the capacity for loyal friendships and for deep affections; but even of these one might almost say that they did not penetrate to the central part of him." And in contrast Rossetti's temperament is instanced as Morris himself once described it: "The truth is, he cared for nothing but individual and personal matters, chiefly of course in relation to art and literature." Certainly Hawthorne and Rossetti were also as far asunder as the poles in most of their characteristics, yet in Hawthorne this same concern for the individual and personal was marked. The two types of the human soul find their representatives in every land and time and in the art of literature nothing shows more

clearly than the attitude of the artist toward human relations.

In his household and among his neighbors Emerson was lovable and tender, letting his kind spirit rest with unutterable benignity upon the least of his comrades, and demanding from them neither service nor sacrifice to his genius. It would be a false conception of his nature that permitted the adjective "cold" to be used in connection with it. As Lowell wrote to Dr. Holmes about his poetry, if it "show no sensuous passion there is spiritual and intellectual passion enough and to spare—a paler flame, but quite as intense in its way." But though his affections themselves were of this pale intensity, they were not intrinsic, not inseparable from the essence of his being. His love for his first child, the "hyacinthine boy" whose death within half a dozen years of his birth wrung from Emerson the noblest of his poems, seems to contradict such an assumption. Immediately after the loss the mourning father wrote to Carlyle,

"You can never know how much of me such a young child can take away," yet in less than three years' space, with his invincible sincerity, he was saying to the public:

The only thing grief has taught me is to know how shallow it is. That, like all the rest, plays about the surface, and never introduces me into the reality, for contact with which we would even pay the costly price of sons and lovers. . . . In the death of my son, now more than two years ago, I seem to have lost a beautiful estate, no more. I cannot get it nearer to me. If to-morrow I should be informed of the bankruptcy of my principal debtors, the loss of my property would be a great inconvenience to me, perhaps for many years, but it would leave me as it found me, neither better nor worse. So it is with this calamity; it does not touch me; something which I fancied was a part of me, which could not be torn away without tearing me, nor enlarged without enriching me, falls off from me and leaves no scar. It was caducous. I grieve that grief can teach me nothing, nor carry me one step into real nature. The Indian who was laid under a curse that the wind should not blow on him, nor water flow to him, nor fire burn him, is a type of us all. The dearest events are summer rain and we the Para coats that shed every drop.

This avowal, so appalling in the naked truth of its statement, is of the same substance as the more generalized counsel of the well-known essays on "Friendship" and "Love": "Why should we desecrate noble and beautiful souls by intruding on them? Why insist on rash personal relations with your friend? . . . Let him be to me a spirit. . . . The hues of the opal, the light of the diamond are not to be seen if the eye is too near." These are the expressions of one more reverent than ardent. They suggest the attitude of Charles Lamb in the Bodleian Library, unwilling to open the books, unwilling to profane the leaves, and content to "inhale learning" by walking among them.

It is not difficult to realize the optimism of a nature so detached from the perishable world;

What is excellent
As God lives is permanent,

and if we could thus cast off transitory emotion, depending solely upon that which we are told by the inner voice

endures, we all could be sufficiently serene in the presence of multitudinous calamity. Such serenity is not, however, commonly achieved by those to whom persons are of elemental importance. Hawthorne could not achieve it, nor, had he done so, should we have won from his genius "*The Scarlet Letter*."

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, writing with discrimination of his father and Emerson, thus outlines their complementary traits:

My father was Gothic, Emerson was Roman and Greek. But each was profoundly original and independent. My father was the shyer and more solitary of the two, and yet persons in need of human sympathy were able to reach a more interior region in him than they could in Emerson. For the latter's thought was concerned with types and classes, while the former had the individual touch. He distrusted rules but had faith in exceptions and idiosyncrasies. Emerson was nobly and magnanimously public: my father was exquisitely and inevitably private; together they met the needs of nearly all that is worthy in human nature.

Morris thought Rossetti's lack of concern for types and classes due to his lack of optimism, and Hawthorne's similar tendency also has been ascribed to his gloomy temper of mind; yet sometimes it is hard to think of him as other than radiant, exultant, and mirthful. In his letters the lambent play of his humor and the salient touches of eager affection for his wife and children give an impression not perhaps of a merry man, but of one spiritually buoyant in whom the fire and fervor of youth were inextinguishable. His son describes his incomparable companionship during the first weeks in Rome before the illness of his daughter. It was the custom of the family to play cards in the evening, and upon these occasions it was he who "made the life and jollity of the amusement." The glimpse given of his zeal in Mrs. Battle's dearest game is irresistible:

Everybody wanted to be his partner, not because he always won, for he did not, but because either good or evil fortune was delightful in alliance with him. He was charming in victory; but I am not sure that he was not more charming in defeat. . . .

He entered heartily and unreservedly into the spirit of the contest. When he was beaten he defrauded his opponents of none of their legitimate triumph by affecting indifference and when he captured the odd trick he made no pretense of not caring. It was a genuine struggle all the way through, and refreshing however it turned out.

This cheerful picture is curiously different from that drawn by Mr. Curtis of his first meeting, at Emerson's house, with a dumb, bright-eyed gentleman whose indomitable silence presently engrossed Curtis to the exclusion of everything else, and drew from Emerson after the guest had departed the pungent comment, "Hawthorne rides well his horse of the night."

Both the silence and the sociability were wholly characteristic of the withdrawn, peculiar soul that held in its depths such infinite sweetness and brightness for those who could penetrate there. Like Emerson, Hawthorne was willing that any angel or mortal capable of full sympathy should see into his heart and know all its secrets. "But he must find his own way there," he added, "I can neither guide nor enlighten him." And he further reflected that this "involuntary reserve" was no doubt responsible for the objectivity of his writings. "When people think that I am pouring myself out in a tale or an essay, I am merely telling what is common to human nature, not what is peculiar to myself." Emerson, on the contrary, poured himself out abounding in his philosophies, but so large and general was his nature that he was safer than almost any other man of his time in assuming a general application of his individuality.

When personal sorrow knocked at the door, the essential difference between the two reached its highest manifestation. Then indeed did Hawthorne ride his horse of the night. His mind instinctively turned toward the darkest issue, and he could not find the relief gained by many in turning their feelings into words through which something of the poisonous quality usually evaporates. His face darkened visibly under grief and he spoke little. When

his daughter Una was ill with Roman fever, he settled with himself from the first that she must die. Though her illness proved not to be fatal it left her more or less of an invalid, and it left Hawthorne himself a broken man. It was not for him to learn from grief the lesson of its shallowness. He paid with his vitality the costly claims of his anxious suffering, and actually died—if no other cause for his decline existed than is suggested by the "Life"—of this influx of powerful feeling.

Hawthorne, as he said, looked outside himself for the facts of human destiny recorded in his work and for the characteristics of the actors in his tragic dramas. Yet in all that he has written we find suggestions of him. Art will not have it otherwise. There are the subtle dim recesses, the "cloudy veil" which stretched, he said, "over the abyss" of his nature, the ample vesture of human associations, the magic element to which Mr. James refers as "constantly clearing and disinfecting his so-called gloom"; the concentrated emotion, the pure sweetness and sympathy, all calling from his pages to every one who has followed his shy, vivid personality in its fleet passage through life. Emerson, whose hopefulness outshone the sun, was repelled by his sense of the vast tragedy of existence, but those among us who share his sensitiveness to the passionate despairs and exultant joys poured into life through personal channels, will find him fitted to our human experiences more closely than the impersonal optimist who leaves us dreary in the face of death. The sombre melancholy of Hawthorne's comments upon sin and death is the outcome of that very sensitiveness which can feel overwhelming delight in the fair aspect of virtuous life while human intercourse is free from dread and pain. If Emerson's high serenity leads us into regions of remote spiritual interests very worthy of exploration, it cannot be denied that the intensity of Hawthorne's affections brings him nearer and shows him more intimate and winning within his sheltering reticence.

Gloom and Cheer in Hawthorne

By ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE

THE earlier question, "Was Hawthorne morbid?" is recurring in this centenary year. A review of his life and fiction, with this aspect before one, seems to emphasize the conviction that in his earlier years there were distinct traces of gloom which might have become morbidity. From such result he was rescued by certain outward agencies reacting upon his latent sanity and faith. No one would say that sombreness of mind was superseded by geniality, for, to the end of his life, as Mr. Stedman has poetized,—

Two natures in him strove
Like night with day, his sunshine and his gloom ;
To him the stern forefather's creed descended,
The weight of some inexorable Jove
Prejudging from the cradle to the tomb ;

Nor from his work was ever absent quite
The presence which, o'er cast it as we may,
Things far beyond our reason can suggest ;

There was a drifting light
In Donatello's cell,—a fitful ray
Of sunshine came to hapless Clifford's breast.

This dual self, which has been the portion of many of the world's greatest teachers, passed through experiences which at first threatened and then germinated the nobler qualities of the man and author. With the brooding, stern mentality of his ancestors were mingled vigor of body, beauty of imagination, and keenness of observation which, under fostering circumstances, developed into a deep sympathy with tragic problems of conscience and soul. Over the memories of loneliness of heart came pervasive cheer, domestic and literary joys. The brighter influences became dominant, but, to the end, he suffered moods of darkness when, with Donatello, his "heart shivered," and he would confess his captivity by "one of those unreasonable sadnesses that you know not how to deal with, because it involves nothing for common-sense to clutch."

That Hawthorne should have lived for twelve years of manhood, in addition to the boyhood period, in the dark, unnatural atmosphere of his Salem home, and that his writings, born within that experience, have so little morbidity is sufficient testimony to the poise and nobility of his nature. Undoubtedly he was kept from severing those narrow bonds and beginning earlier his true life by the reserve and lack of self-confidence which never were wholly overcome. With pertinence his friend Bridge regretted that he could not impart some of his "brass" to his college chum. If this friend and others had not brought practical aid to stimulate Hawthorne's stifled yearnings for escape, one may well question whether he might not have settled into a recluse like his own *Wakefield*, from whose life he has drawn a lesson of warning to any one who carelessly "steps aside from the well-adjusted system of the world." Writing to Longfellow he said: "I have made a captive of myself, and put me in a dungeon; and now I cannot find the key to let myself out, and if the door were open, I should be almost afraid to come out."

That Hawthorne did not become morbid was due, in large measure, to the wonderful imagination and the observation which were his, enabling him, from behind closed shutters and in lonely walks, to study humanity and interweave romance from his mingled intuitions and fancies. Though aloof from actualities he loved mankind, and, as the lonely years passed leaving him conscious of their chilling effects upon his soul, he tried to "open intercourse with the world" by his tales. These were "memorials of very tranquil and not unhappy years." Indulged longer, the solitude might have arrested development of both mind and heart. Though he could not forget the oppressive hours of gloom, yet he recalled also the "unsubstantial pleasures here in the

shade which I might have missed in the sunshine." Possibly we have overestimated the sadness and overlooked the compensations of this earlier period. In retrospect he confided to his journal: "Living in solitude till the fulness of time was come, I still kept the dew of my youth and the freshness of my heart. Had I sooner made my escape into the world, I should have grown hard and rough, and been covered with earthly dust, and my heart might have become callous by rude encounters with the multitude." One may accept this analysis as true. The years of isolation kept pure and poetic an imagination which, under premature storm and stress, might have wrought bitterness in his complex nature. Later struggles could not destroy the sensitiveness of soul.

Turning to the revelation of these years in Salem, found in his writings, one recalls those many weird suggestions in his Note-Books for use in fiction, but which, fortunately, never saw publication. Here is recorded the vision of a simultaneous resurrection of all the dead within a certain lake, or, again, "a series of strange, mysterious, dreadful events to occur, wholly destructive of a person's happiness." It is not necessary to enumerate these hints of necromancy and haunting spell which were conceived, in the main, during the years of undeveloped life. Possibly some of them found expression in the scores of sketches which, according to the testimony of Miss Elizabeth Peabody, Hawthorne had declared were "some of the most powerful things he had written," but which he deliberately burned because "he felt they were morbid. And he remarked that, when he found, on re-reading anything that it had not the healthiness of nature, he felt as if he had been guilty of a lie." Such words proved the sanity and rectitude of his mind. Poe's imagination, with all its magic, was at times disordered and even diseased; Hawthorne's never lost its delicacy.

It is useless to deny that there is "a mild melancholy," as Mr. Whipple affirmed, in the "Twice-Told Tales"

which reflect the years of solitariness. Such quality adds an elusive charm. The charge often made, that the tales are morbid, or even unhealthy for the normal reader, is here refuted. They deal with tragic and even frightful incidents in New England history and legend, but they are free from undue emphasis of the sensuous horror. A marked example of artistic restraint is in the tale, "The Ambitious Guest," with omission of all details of the traditional holocaust. Even in one of the most haunting tales, when truth conquers deceit, "the organ's peal of solemn triumph drowned the Wedding Knell." The gloom of "Night Sketches" is pierced by a rainbow of faith.

The first influence which changed the trend of Hawthorne's life, away from the quicksands of gloom into broader and happier streams, was acquaintance with the Peabody family and the resultant marriage, the true crisis in his literature as well as his life. Though we may smile, in semi-sarcasm, at the efforts of Elizabeth Peabody to enlarge the social circle of Hawthorne's friends and overcome his shyness, and her importunate plan to "bring Emerson to his knees" and compel him to become an appreciative reader of Hawthorne, yet we must not forget that she was, in a way, the earliest friend to establish *rapprochement* between him and the smaller world wherein he found first recognition. There was foreordained affinity in the lives of Hawthorne and Sophia Peabody, whose delicacy was transformed, by the power of love and more judicious treatment, into practical strength and ideal sympathy, which were the most potent factors in the fulfilment of Hawthorne's literary mission. The familiar revelations of their love are too sacred for mere iteration. In a general acceptance of the bright home-influence which she created, with "the radiant smile" so often recalled by her son in his latest memorial, we may lose sight of the woman's distinctive personality. With true insight Mr. Henry Bright wrote of her to her children: "Justice has never been done to your mother. Of course she was overshadowed by him,

but she was a singularly accomplished woman, with a great gift of expression and a most sympathetic nature; she was, too, an artist of no mean quality."

In the Boston Public Library is a quaint, tiny book, with a faded blue cover, entitled "Holiness; or The Legend of St. George; A Tale from Spenser's Faerie Queene, by a Mother." This was published anonymously in 1836 and is properly catalogued as the work of Mrs. Peabody. The mental efficiency and strong characters of Mrs. Horace Mann, Miss Elizabeth Peabody, and Mrs. Hawthorne were largely inherited from the noble, gifted mother, whose life, told in fragments, as teacher of rare magnetism, as philanthropist and humble editor of Chaucer and Spenser adapted to the use of her own and other children, deserves passing remembrance. This specific little volume has more interest when we recall Una as the chosen name for Hawthorne's first daughter.

In her very invalidism and her sweet, courageous nature Sophia Peabody was an influence of rare power among her many friends. Her mind was the needed complement to that of Hawthorne. Her sensitive soul and tactful wisdom, her unflagging zeal and faith, her exquisite sympathy with the future before her husband and a realization of her part in its fulfilment, combined to give her a dominant influence upon his literary and spiritual growth. The first direct result of her response to Hawthorne's love was his determination, urged both by material causes and heart yearnings, to come out from his Salem retreat and find some occupation which would bring him an income and contact with other lives. Under the spell of love his soul, as well as his ambition, had already shown signs of broadening. However he may have fretted under the routine of government positions in Boston and Salem and pined for leisure for literary work, he yet recognized the good influence of these experiences, saying in "The Scarlet Letter": "It contributes greatly towards a man's moral and intellectual health to be brought into habits of companionship with individu-

als unlike himself, who care little for his pursuits, and whose sphere and abilities he must go out of himself to appreciate." The alliance with the Brook Farm community was also due to this same generic influence. In addition to the immediate object of possibly finding here a home for himself and his bride, an idea soon abandoned, he gained educative acquaintance with humanity of varied traits and with Nature in her most elemental and sanative forces. There must ever seem an incongruity in the suggestion of Hawthorne, one of the least gregarious and most imaginative of men, as a sharer, even for a brief time, of this communal life. It is not altogether strange that his mother, according to the word of his sister, feared "something would happen to the cows," if Hawthorne attempted to milk them.

Few literary relics are more interesting than a rare edition of "The Gentle Boy" with sketch by Sophia Peabody.* This drawing may seem very crude to modern critics, but its history is full of charming association. So delighted was Hawthorne with the sketch which she showed him, soon after their friendship began, that he had a folio edition of the story printed and for it wrote one of his most suggestive prefaces. The copy from which this sketch has been photographed is in the Boston Public Library. The publication bears date 1839, by I. R. Butts and Weeks, Jordan & Co., of Boston. The preface merits quotation in part:

The Tale, of which a new edition is now offered to the Public, was among the earliest efforts of its Author's pen; little noticed on its first appearance in one of the Annuals, it appears ultimately to have awakened the interest of a larger number of readers than any of his subsequent productions. For his own part, he would willingly have supposed that a more practised hand and cultivated fancy had enabled him to excel his first inartificial attempts; and there are several among his "Twice Told Tales" which, on reperusal, affect him less painfully with a sense of imperfect and ill-wrought conception than "The Gentle Boy." But the opinion of many (whose judgment, even in cases where they and he might be equally unprejudiced, would be far preferable to his own) compels him to the conclu-

* See page 38.

sion that Nature here led him deeper into the Universal heart than Art has been able to follow. . . . No testimonial, in regard to the effect of this story, has afforded the Author so much pleasure as that which brings out the present edition. However feeble the creative power which produced the character of Ibrahim, it has wrought an influence upon another mind, and has thus given to imaginative life a creation of deep and pure beauty. The original sketch of *The Puritan* and *The Gentle Boy*, an engraving from which now accompanies the Tale, has received—what the artist may well deem her utmost attainable recompense—the warm commendation of the first painter in America. If, after so high a meed, the author might add his own humble praise, he would say that, whatever of beauty and of pathos he had conceived, but could not shadow forth in language, has been caught and embodied in the few and simple lines of this sketch.

With the consummation of his marriage and the ideally poetic home in Concord, Hawthorne's soul and heart expanded with wonderful glow. There is positive ecstasy in his journal for September 23, 1843, delight over the

pervading blessing diffused over all the world. I look out of the window and think, "O perfect day! O beautiful world! O good God!" And such a day is the promise of a blissful eternity. Our Creator never would have made such weather, and given us the deep heart to enjoy it, above and beyond all thought, if He had not meant us to be immortal. It opens the gates of heaven and gives us glimpses far inward.

Mrs. Hawthorne was ever able to sympathize with his mental and imaginative life. An artist of moderate skill, she was also conversant with the best literature. Her journals and letters reveal a clever and pictorial style which warranted her husband's tribute to her as "Queen of Journalizers." She infused her cheery personality into both the life of realities and that of the spirit. They found themes for poetry as well as merriment in their domesticities. A delicious light-heartedness conceived that mock-heroic on corned beef in Hawthorne's journal, celebrating his own skill in cookery when, at last, the meat was "exquisitely done and as tender as a young lady's heart. To say the truth, I look upon it as such a masterpiece in its way that it seems irreverent to eat it. Things on which so

much thought and labor are bestowed should surely be immortal."

With rare wisdom Mrs. Hawthorne made no effort to dissipate wholly the recluse tendencies which were conducive to Hawthorne's deep and mystic romances. Theirs became a dual solitariness in which both found incentive for nobler thought and work. She showed no selfish wish to enjoy her husband's society; with womanly tact and self-denial she never interrupted his hours of writing, while, by constant watchfulness, she guarded his life that he might concentrate his mind upon the intense motives of his fiction. To him his wife was "sole companion"; he added: "There is no vacancy in my mind any more than there is in my heart. I have married the Spring, I am husband to the month of May." Thus were scattered those elements of morbidity which had haunted his mind and had been revealed in a few of his early tales. Like Phoebe, in her relations with Clifford, Mrs. Hawthorne "ignored whatever was morbid in his mind and experience; and thereby kept their intercourse healthy, by the incautious but, as it were, heaven-directed freedom of her whole conduct."

This companionship, at once ideal and real in its sympathy, in no way diminished the meditative faculty of Hawthorne and his emphasis of a specific moral germ in each story. In the collection of sketches commemorative of the life at the Old Manse there is not alone advance over the earlier tales in scope and treatment, but also in broadened interests. Permeating all is the tone of optimism. "The Bosom Serpent" of egotism and jealousy is dispelled by love; "The Procession of Life" has a strong note of faith in the God who knows our destined goal and "will not leave us on our toilsome and doubtful march, either to wander in infinite uncertainty or perish by the way." So vital was the sympathetic portrayal of Dimmesdale and Hester, with subtle yet potent surety of the latter's purification and uplift by her sufferings, that Hawthorne was the recipient of many letters and visits from secret-burdened men whose souls had

been stirred to new life by his moral teaching. Of all his romances "The House of the Seven Gables" has not alone the most perfect literary finish, but, to my mind, the most complete adjustment of life's darkness and sunshine. Over against the malicious hypocrisy of Judge Pynchon, the deadened soul of Clifford, and the agonized, starved heart of Hepzibah are the sanity and simple cheer of Uncle Venner, the bold optimism of Holgrave and Phœbe, "the golden thread in the web of the old stuff of Puritanism."

Environed by the domestic happiness at Lenox, Hawthorne wrote the Wonder Books, recorded as his "most delightful literary task" and permeated by vivacious, artistic charm. Despite the more labored effects in "The Blithedale Romance" and the embarrassment of its background with the somewhat sensational, though actual, climax of suicide, there are passages of unique humor and sympathy with varied forms of service. In analysis of Zenobia's defects he has affirmed his own mission as intuitive moralist:

She should have been able to appreciate that quality of the intellect and the heart which impelled me (often against my own will and to the detriment of my own comfort) to live in other lives, and to endeavor by generous sympathies, by delicate intuitions, by taking note of things too slight for record, and by bringing my human spirit into manifold accordance with the companions whom God assigned me—to learn the secret which was hidden even from themselves.

Had Hawthorne been denied the opportunity for foreign residence, the world would have lost not alone one of the most picturesque romances ever written, but would also have been compelled to admit the provincialism and mental narrowness of our most original and artistic author. Granted that much of prejudice adhered, that he was ever a recluse, yet he gained and reflected a wider, fresh outlook on life by contact with varied and cultured acquaintances in England and Italy. A more stable cheer was in his mind except during the weeks of anxiety for Una in Rome. As he had wished that his children might have cheery, poetic names, so

now, as opportunity favored, he urged Mrs. Hawthorne and his daughters to choose light, handsome gowns and indulged them and himself with many an hour of merrymaking. Evolving one of the most mystical moral allegories in romance, he showed an intimate study of racial and individual character. Softening the tenseness of lurking evil by the charm of Hilda and her doves, he also pleads for lenient judgment on Miriam and applies in sundry passages the words of Donatello: "If a stray sunbeam steal in, the shadow is all the better for its cheerful glimmer."

As his publisher-friend, Mr. Fields, bore witness to the rare delights of this meditative yet stimulating companion, so his English friend, Mr. Henry Bright, scouted with indignation the idea of morbidity and has well outlined Hawthorne's character in its personal relationships:

He was almost the best man I ever knew and quite the most interesting. Nothing annoys me more than the word "morbid," as applied to him,—he was the least morbid of men, with a singularly sweet temper and a very far-reaching charity; he was reserved and, in a sense, a proud man, who did not care to be worried or bored by people he was not fond of. But he was, I am sure, a singularly happy man,—happy in all his domestic relations, happy in his wonderful imaginative faculty, and in the fame which he had achieved. He was full of a quiet common-sense, which contrasted strangely with the weird nature of his genius.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife*, vol. ii., p. 350.

Of the sane and pure tone of Hawthorne's fiction one could cite many examples. He was never able to accomplish his wish to "write a sunshiny book," in the usual sense of the term. He did, however, interweave, with increasing vividness, from the early tales to "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret," strands of sensuous cheer and spiritual uplift. Sombre is the trend of all of his romance, considered in the large. It is contemplative with that deep pressure of the influence of evil which has been the theme of many a great mind, Puritan and Cavalier. His fiction is never impure nor unwholesome to a healthy, poised intellect. Professor Lewis Gates has said with succinct truth that, from



Courtesy of

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

HAWTHORNE'S BIRTHPLACE, UNION STREET, SALEM, MASS.



Copyright, 1903, by Julian Hawthorne

Harper & Brothers, Publishers

"THE WAYSIDES," SHOWING NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AND HIS WIFE.

AMERICAN HERITAGE MUSEUM

53



Courtesy of

DANIEL HAWTHORNE
Hawthorne's Grandfather

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



Courtesy of

CAPT. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
Hawthorne's Father

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

the diseased and prurient fiction of the decadents of the later nineteenth century, we turn back to Hawthorne as "to what is normal and healthy and sanative." With an aversion to churches, due to early prejudices, with a creed far broader and more vital than the accepted dogmas of his time, he was one of the most diligent and appreciative readers of the Bible, ever ready to choose fitting phrase or illustration. An artist, painting with matchless harmony of words and image, the deep, often tragic, meaning of some mystic or symbolic idea, he was as well a preacher of moral righteous-

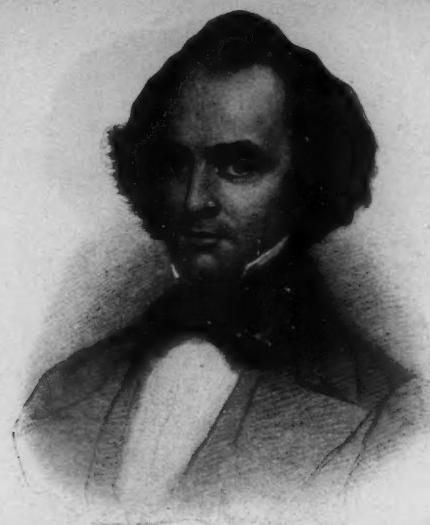
ness and religious hope. A rose-bush grows by Hester's prison-cell; Hepzibah, in her most anguished moment, at the desolate railway-station, falls upon her knees and begs guidance for herself and brother, "the hapless, wandering children." In "The Marble Faun" he has imaged in beautiful simile of cathedral windows the "unspeakable splendor of Christian faith" when revealed from within the soul. It remains for simple, noble-hearted Phœbe to voice his perfected code of faith combined with loving service,—"people never feel so much like angels as when they are doing what little good they may."



Courtesy of

THE CUSTOM HOUSE, SALEM, MASS.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



Courtesy of

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

HAWTHORNE AT THE AGE OF 26



Copyright, 1903, by Julian Hawthorne

Harper & Brothers, Publishers

HAWTHORNE AND HIS PUBLISHERS

JAMES T. FIELDS, NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, AND W. D. TICKNOR



Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
SOPHIA AMELIA HAWTHORNE (HAWTHORNE'S WIFE) AT THE AGE OF 36



Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
HAWTHORNE AT THE AGE OF 36



ELIZABETH PEABODY, MRS. HAWTHORNE'S ELDER SISTER

Hawthorne: Emperor of Shadows

By BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

HAWTHORNE drank from the beaker of inexhaustible shadows; his soul sought instinctively the obscure and the crepuscular; the shadow-glozed figures of his brain were never mockeries of the real, but phantasms of the dead—beings called out of the endless night of the tomb to sport, at his will, in the shadow of crypts and catacombs, or to languish in half-lights, or to be the pawns in some moral problem that vexed his sensitive heart. He dallied in byways and roamed strange, blighted heaths, and preferred to listen to the sibilant murmurs that came from the brackish tarn than to stand beside the gay, tumbling waterfall in the full light of the sun. He was an emperor—but an emperor of elves—an Oberon

whose reign began at the twilight hour and who abdicated at the first cockcrow. He was a giant—but a giant leashed in cobwebs. He was a thinker whose thoughts were always at half-mast for the sorrows that sucked at his heart. He was exquisitely aware of a Conscience. He knew that the supernormal could alone explain the normal, that the exceptional housed all the laws that governed ordinary occurrences plus an explanation, which if it did not explain gave us something better—another mystery. "The Scarlet Letter" is the romance of pain; "The House of the Seven Gables" is the romance of crime; "The Marble Faun" the romance of penitential despair.

The evil that is in the heart of man;



SKETCH BY MISS SOPHIA PEABODY (MRS HAWTHORNE) FOR "THE GENTLE BOY"

See page 30.

the subtle poisonous vapors that emanate from his soul like vent-hole gases; strange, sudden maladies without name, dateless in their birth, bringing with them reverisons to a kind of devilship; moral cankers which he identified with physical environment and which he made to dwell in dank cellars, in old gabled houses, in curious angles in the garden-wall, or in the fetor of old wells—these things possessed Hawthorne entirely. He dealt with pain as though it were a conscious being—a survival in his brain of the puritan belief in a personal devil. He never burst through the black cerements and dun dreams that kept him apart from his kind. His tales are his soul-saga. They portray a man imurred in a sunless moat—one who is content with the dark, but who, unconsciously, rises from his seat at inter-

vals and searches the walls with his eyes for a chink of light. His mind was a lodging-house for the distraught. What weird, pain-bitten, grief-ravaged beings took up their abode in that caravansary at night and slunk away in the morning, maybe never to return!—unprinted, unprintable, untellable. And there came, too, to stay with him myriads of wan, pale, ethereal wayfarers who seemed to bear about their eyes the light of impalpable worlds and on their brows the sombre thoughts of thwarted genius. The best that is in a man is never told—and the worst is past imagining. Two things the soul cannot formulate in language: its remote, obscure emotions and its immediate noon-day certainties. In Hawthorne's face there are the wonderful tales that he never told.

There is phantom-touch in his pages.



THE TOWER STUDY AT "THE WAYSIDE"



Courtesy of

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

HAWTHORNE AT THE AGE OF 56

He lacked the sense of reality—the sure test of spirituality. Long, shadowy files sweep up from out the unconscious and form black processions across the earth. That is life. It is the phantom lock-step. These shadows come and go, making frenetic comic gestures. They whisper hoarsely each to the other—and this they call history. They scud across the earth from the immurmurous to the immurmurous—from Mist to Mist. They are palpitant sobs vested in flesh-mesh. This star is but a ghost-walk—the fading ramparts of a mystic Elsinore, and graveyards are but tombs within tombs. The days sheened in their meridional glories, the nights set with their little pulsing eyes are the reflections of soul-torrent. Our arts are but the photographs of the apparitional.

Who has touched the Real or tethered the Now? What Hawthorne saw, that is so. Who can say, "Here thought begins and things cease"? Who can put his thought upon that

moment that divides the sleeping moment from the waking moment?—who can tell how far one trenches on the other? Life is but a conscious sleeping; sleep an unconscious waking—or a waking into the Unconscious. Life in prospect is always phosphorescent with hope; the path behind is a white-capped dream. Youth and Age are to both somnambules. Our imaginations—and Hawthorne was an imaginative seer—are unplumbed, immeasurable. Fancy is the mirror that gives us back the real. Life is a progressive dream, a languorous, painful unwinding. We pace the decks, withered gods, the definite shrunk to a hint, a puzzle to ourselves, a puzzle to the beasts below and the inhabitants of the fourth dimension above. Hawthorne nowhere formulates this sense of mystery, but it stands shadowlike behind each sentence. It is the breath of his literary body.

Though here, of our date and time, he was a belated spirit—a fanciful,

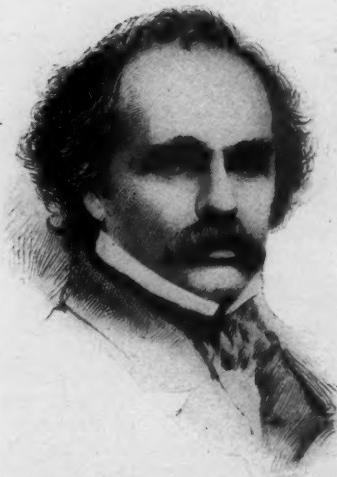


THE "WILLOWS" AND CONCORD RIVER, JUST BELOW THE OLD MANSE

Here Hawthorne kept his boat, formerly owned by Thoreau



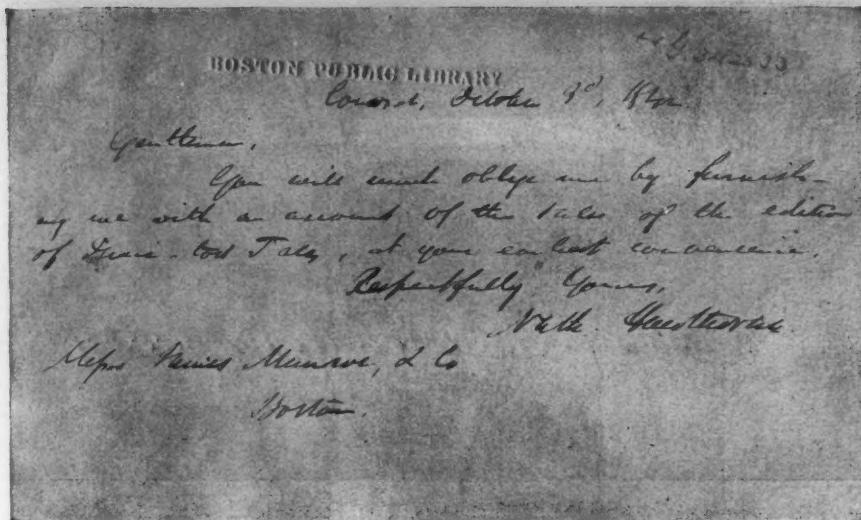
SIDE VIEW OF THE OLD MANSE, CONCORD, MASS.



Courtesy of

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

HAWTHORNE AT THE AGE OF 58



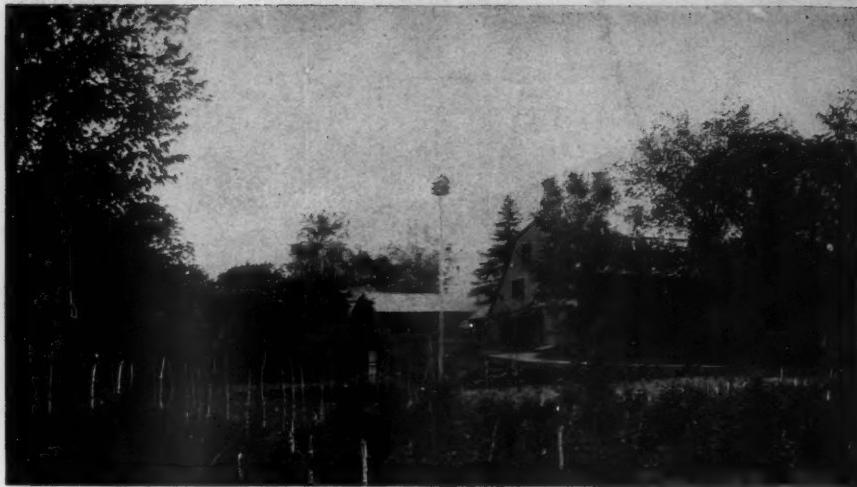
roving, ether-cleaving spirit who one day, while peeping in curiosity over the eaves of his dream-mansion, fell into flesh. Society annoyed him and he turned from the rouged arts of civilization with a fine contempt.

Genius treads far from that bellowing sphinx called civilization. The nineteenth century was a coarse melodrama written by the devil for the delectation of the blasé gods. By ignoring it utterly Nathaniel Hawthorne and Walter Pater became its greatest critics. Civilization at best is a peddler dressed up to look like a monarch. It is that process which has subtilized the direct and made automatic the spontaneous. It has made a crooked line the shortest way between two given points and substituted Machiavelli for Euclid. It invents pains in order to banish from its heart the horrible boredom that oppresses it. The vaunted arts and sciences sit cheek-by-jowl with Mammon. "Progress" is the cluck-cluck of satisfaction of Caliban as he makes headway into thicker mud.

Practical life stands for the utter materialization of the soul. Its glitter, which attracts from afar, is the glitter that falls from pomade-burnished garb-

age cans. In the great cities, which Rousseau called nature's sinks, men do not congregate, but fester. Cities are great street-canalled slime-vats, wherein long familiarity has indurated the sense of smell. Here the souls of men turn turtle: they call it "business." Ideals melt in these fens like the snow-image in Hawthorne's tale when it is dragged by the Practical Man—always and everywhere an atheist—before the fireplace. Practical life!—the domain of the arched spine and the furtive glance—it is better to become moss-grown in the Old Manse of Dreams. Hester Prynne, Arthur Dimmesdale, Clifford Pynchon, Miriam, Donatello shall outlive in shadowy immortality the flesh and blood beings that mimic their ways here below, and the turrets and spires of our civilization shall long be gan-grened in the muds of oblivion when the shadow-makers that have gone shall still with potent rod smite the souls of generations unborn, and from them, as from us, shall burst the fountains of exalted wonder.

What strange shadows tread at our heels!—shadows of evil and shadows of good. On how slight a pivot turn our fortunes! In that exquisite fantasy, "David Swan," the muffled march of



THE OLD MANSE AND HAWTHORNE'S GARDEN

events that never materialize, that cross and recross our paths unseen, unapprehended, like the ghost of Hamlet's father when he parades before the eyes of the spirit-blind Queen Gertrude, is the theme of Hawthorne. In this little allegory we read the chances of life. Our destinies are brittle but inexorable, and we are tossed around in the great world-forces like a bottle in the sea.

Young Swan lies down to rest beneath a tree that stands by a well-travelled road. He is poor and sleeps deep. A carriage becomes disabled near him and the occupants, an elderly lady and gentleman, while waiting for a broken wheel to be mended, contemplate his adoption, but the coachman interrupts with the message that the carriage is ready, and Fortune, which just grazed him in her flight, passes on forever. Death, in the guise of thieves who are about to murder him for his clothing, but who are opportunely frightened off, lingers near him for a second and then postpones her rendezvous with the soul of David Swan. Love, in the person of a young girl who steps aside to contemplate and

blush, glides by him. David wakes and goes on his way whistling.

Our days are freighted with gifts and curses, and the bitterness of life lies in the consciousness of what might have been. Yet the Law never swerves, or if it swerve, it carries on its breast the débris of our dreams and hurries us to the Gulf that swallows all dreams. The might-have-been is as far away as that which never came to being. "Our happiness passes close by us." Not so: it is the illusion of space. Unless we possess it, it is but the greater mockery when it thrusts its flowers under our noses and when we are about to inhale the fragrance substitutes snuff.

Hawthorne, King of a realm fantastic, Emperor of shadows, Grand Seigneur of the unmapped, tourist of the subterrane, who saw from behind his lattice of fancy the pain that bases the moral world and the comic lie that is called optimism — he sups to-night, with Omar, Amiel, and de Maupassant, on herbs and bitters. For he was one of the Order of the Black Veil—in life a soul of regal pains, in death a quenchless memory in our hearts.



Courtesy of

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

HAWTHORNE AT THE AGE OF 60



HAWTHORNE'S GRAVE, SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY, CONCORD, MASS.



HESTER AWAITING HER ACCUSERS

(Illustrated by Robaudi. A French artist's conception of the scene. See page 50)



HESTER AND PEARL IN GOVERNOR BELLINGHAM'S HALL

(An English artist's conception of the scene. See page 51)



HESTER, PEARL, AND ROGER ON THE BEACHORE

(Illustrated by Robaudi. A French artist's conception of the scene. See page 50.)

Illustrated Editions of "The Scarlet Letter"

By CAROLYN SHIPMAN

A CURIOUS experiment has recently been made in book-making: a privately printed edition of "The Scarlet Letter," limited to one hundred and twenty-five copies on Japanese imperial paper and one copy on vellum, printed in France, and illustrated by a Frenchman, A. Robaudi, with the exception of two drawings by C. Graham,—the custom-house in Salem and Hawthorne's birthplace. The fifteen illustrations are in two states, black and coloured.

"'The Scarlet Letter' illustrated by a Frenchman!" is one's first thought. "Preposterous! absurd! How can a Frenchman understand and depict the Puritan characters in this book? Only an Anglo-Saxon could grasp the stern, uncompromising traits inherent in the early settlers of this country."

On the face of it, this argument is not only plausible, but unanswerable. Yet there is another side.

The originator of the present experiment has advanced the theory—and it is certainly ingenious—that Hester Prynne, from her name as well as her exuberant temperament, was French! Therefore that a Frenchman can perfectly well paint her. Our chief association with the name of Prynne is through William, whose books—"Health's Sickness," on the "Sinfulness of Drinking Healths," "The Unloveliness of Lovelocks," and "Histriomastix: the Player's Scourge or Actor's Tragedie"—do not assign him a very near cousinship to Hester in the matter of taste, although both stood on the pillory from too much courage of conviction.

However fanciful an attempt may be to prove Hester Prynne of French ancestry from the etymology of her surname, the fact remains that Hawthorne himself speaks of her as of alien tendencies, compared to her associates. She was "free to return to her birth-

place or to any other European land," he writes, as though she were of New England only by adoption, and were trying to subordinate the "wildness of her nature" to the strict discipline of Puritanism.

The "marble coldness" of her outward demeanour after her child was born was a transition from passion and feeling to thought, but thought which was free and untrammeled.

The world's law was no law for her mind. It was an age in which the human intellect, newly emancipated, had taken a more active and a wider range than for many centuries. Men of the sword had overthrown nobles and kings. Men bolder than these had overthrown and rearranged—not actually, but within the sphere of theory, which was their most real abode—the whole system of ancient prejudice; wherewith was linked much of ancient principle. Hester Prynne imbibed this spirit. She assumed a freedom of speculation, then common enough on the other side of the Atlantic, but which our forefathers, had they known of it, would have held to be a deadlier crime than that stigmatised by the scarlet letter.

If Pearl had not come to her, Hawthorne goes on to say, she might have been known to us in history with Ann Hutchinson, as the foundress of a religious sect. "She might, and not improbably would, have suffered death from the stern tribunals of the period, for attempting to undermine the foundations of the Puritan establishment."

Mentally, then, she was not a Puritan.

Physically? Here is Hawthorne's description of her as she emerges from the prison:

The young woman was tall, with a figure of perfect elegance, on a large scale. She had dark and abundant hair, so glossy that it threw off the sunshine with a gleam, and a face which, besides being beautiful from regularity of feature and richness of complexion, had the impressiveness belonging to a marked brow and deep black eyes. She was lady-like, too, after the manner of the feminine

gentility of those days ; characterised by a certain state and dignity, rather than by the delicate, evanescent, and indescribable grace, which is now recognised as its indication.

The unrestraint of her mentality manifested itself in her attire, "wrought for the occasion, in prison," and "modelled much after her own fancy," seeming to express "the attitude of her spirit, the desperate recklessness of her mood, by its wild and picturesque peculiarity." At every point the "bravery of her apparel" is emphasised, the richness of her gown with its "fantastic embroidery" of the scarlet letter, her skill with her needle; Pearl's "rich plumage" is dwelt upon, and when Hester sent the baby garments across the water, they were embroidered "with such a lavish richness of golden fancy as would have raised a public tumult, had any infant, thus appalled, been shown to our sober-hued community."

With these ideas in mind, let us examine the drawings made by Roubaudi, to see how far he has expressed the spirit of the book. Mr. Graham's illustrations call for no especial comment here, as from their nature they are obviously not imaginative.

The first is not encouraging. A typical French frontispiece, symbolical in the manner of all present-day Gallic artists: on the left a pillory, on the right an amorous-eyed, hooded woman with a badly drawn hand extended in awkward fashion over her bosom. The second drawing represents Hester emerging from the prison bearing the child in her arms and branded with the symbol of her guilt. The "brave attire" is apparent, also her dignity and majesty of presence. The third is Roger Chillingworth's admission to the prison: satisfactory. The fourth (reproduced on page 46), Governor Bellingham, good old Mr. Wilson, Roger, and Arthur Dimmesdale stepping through the window of the Governor's hall, where Hester and Pearl awaited them. The effect of this picture is certainly charming. It cannot, however, fail to surprise readers whose conception of Hester has always been bounded by the Puritanical lines of a straight, plain gown. This is a *grande dame* in the

robes of a princess. Yet Hawthorne's description makes her a *grande dame*. And Pearl is here represented as the "little bird of scarlet plumage" that Mr. Wilson calls her, an elfish child, full of witchcraft and mischief, fascinating, wilful, baffling, impishly intelligent.

A close reading of the text shows that the artist has not followed the details of the narrative closely. Architecturally, the hall should have an "embowed window" and should contain portraits and a suit of mail. Governor Bellingham, to be strictly accurate, should wear an elaborate ruff and have a rigid, severe manner. But when we consider the absolute lack of attention to detail in the work of most American illustrators who understand the English language, we can pardon the same failing in a Frenchman, who, in all probability, has only a *café* knowledge of English, if as much. He at least depicts the spirit of the central figure, an achievement for which the harshest critic would not be unjust enough to accuse many American illustrators.

The fifth drawing is not so successful: Dimmesdale is described as looking out of the window of Chillingworth's laboratory, while the latter examines a "bundle of unsightly plants." Roubaudi shows the two men in the clergyman's study, their alternate place of meeting. The sixth drawing is of Hester, Pearl, and the minister on the scaffold, with Roger advancing towards them; the seventh, Hester and the child on the seashore, Roger approaching with a basket on his arm. Then follow two scenes in the wood, of which the colouring is very refined and delicate, Dimmesdale fleeing to his study, Dimmesdale on the scaffold tearing away the ministerial band from his breast, Hester approaching her cottage, and the women coming to her there.

With very few exceptions, these drawings are remarkably in keeping, especially after study of Hester's characteristics; and the coloured plates are highly successful, in some instances hardly recognisable from the originals, —a condition impossible in plates of

the same kind made in this country. We have much to learn from the French. No finer bookbinding is done in the world than in New York, but the finisher is a Frenchman.

Whatever may be said of this experiment in the illustration of "The Scarlet Letter," it must be admitted that the result is always artistic and increasingly convincing as one studies the text in connection.

In contrast to these drawings is an English edition of the book (London, Charles H. Clarke, no date), with thirty-one illustrations by Miss M. E. Dear, bound in red cloth with an imitation black "mosaic, tooled in gilt," with the symbolical "A" on the back and sides, and gilt edges. Nothing could be more solemnly funny than those stiff, wooden drawings. The letter is certainly there, if not the spirit. This edition is heartily recommended to collectors of unconscious humour.

The illustration on page 47 from this book represents Hester and Pearl standing before the suit of mail in Governor Bellingham's hall. The details are faithfully observed: bow-windows with opening leaves, heavy curtains, oaken panels containing portraits, elaborately carved furniture, even the pewter tankard "in token that the sentiment of old English hospitality had not been left behind." But severe Hester and that wooden child! Could ever a man have fallen in love with such a strait-laced prude, and persuaded her from the "paths of rectitude"? *Mais non!* The setting is here, but not the jewel.

In justice to Miss M. E. Dear, however, it must be recorded that this is the worst likeness of Pearl in the book. The other drawings of her are the most satisfactory of all, for they give a very good idea of her fairy-like, baffling qualities. The illustrations are too many to be considered here, but they would repay examination. The details are scrupulously exact, and the figures most entertainingly severe.

The publishers of Hawthorne's works in this country, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., have issued four illustrated editions of "The Scarlet Letter." In 1877 a "Holiday Edition" was published with illustrations engraved by A. V. S. Anthony after wash drawings by Mary Hallock Foote. In 1879 F. O. C. Darley made twelve large outline drawings for a Hawthorne portfolio. These were afterwards reduced in size to accompany the text of the book. Artistically they were fairly successful. The Riverside Edition of the Works, 1883, contained an etched frontispiece of Chillingworth visiting Hester in prison, by Dielman, and a woodcut vignette on the title. The fourth illustrator was Eric Pape, who made six impressionistic drawings for the Manse Edition in 1900. Two of these are particularly effective, and all are good.

The Grolier Club has projected an edition of the novel to be illustrated by Mr. George H. Boughton, who would appear to be a singularly happy choice. But the date of publication is in the undecided future.

Hawthorne as Seen by his Publisher

By HOWARD M. TICKNOR

THE "Old Corner" bookstore—originally a serious apothecary shop, but now a flamboyant confectionery wareroom,—was a room about forty feet square, occupying the whole ground-floor of the ancient brick building at the junction of Washington and School streets in Boston. In old times the house had faced the garden behind

it; but when it became the home of trade instead of a family, it changed front to meet the throng which moved through what had become a central thoroughfare. The long counters and high side-shelving stretched backward to where the building was joined by another, set at right angles to it and built when Mr. T. H. Carter first

The Critic

brought literary processes and wares to supplant medicinal ones.

The passage between the two buildings was through a late addition, one story in height and covered by a skylight. This was raised a foot or so above the store, separated from it by a low partition, and was used as a counting-room and as the office of the head of the firm of William D. Ticknor & Company, as the legal style of the business was. Mr. Ticknor's desk, old-fashioned and with tall end cabinets, stood against the wall, commanding a side view of the shop and the street beyond, and leaving just space enough between its end and the partition for a broad, square, cushioned office-chair with comfortable back and arms. The desk was so set as to get all the benefit possible from the skylight, but the cosey niche and its chair were in shadow, so that their occupant might easily observe all that was going on at his left without being recognized, unless one should step up through a little gate into the counting-room and scrutinize him face to face.

In this chair it was for many a year Nathaniel Hawthorne's wont to ensconce himself when he made to Boston his transient visits—rare and almost compulsory during the earlier time of his connection with the house, but naturally more frequent as his business relations and social acquaintance increased and strengthened, although the intervals lengthened again after he had settled himself in his Concord home.

Some of the Thackeray biographers have found resemblances—rather superficial than essential, to be sure—between him and Hawthorne. Both were in manner grave, reserved, reticent, and with a suggestion of melancholy. Both could converse well and brightly, if put to it; but neither cared to take the initiative, or liked to "talk shop" by discussing literature and authors, although Thackeray's position as a public speaker and editor often forced this upon him. Hawthorne could carry himself ably and handsomely if need be in literary company; but at the Old Corner he preferred, to the brisk, gay chat of Mr. Fields's cur-

tained rendezvous for the Boston and Cambridge literarians, his quiet, reflective observatory at Mr. Ticknor's side. He often spent whole hours there, sitting *vis-à-vis*, resting his head upon his hand, apparently in happy and satisfactory sympathy, in spite of long periods of silence. His face always wore an expression of content and rest, yet an interested watcher, although but a lad, as the writer then was, could not help feeling that, while he was cognizant of what was passing and took note of the shop frequenters and the background of street traffic, he was busy in orderly consideration of thoughts peculiar to himself. If any acquaintance, knowing him to be there, came to claim attention, his face seemed to cast off an intangible but perceptible veil, and he roused up to geniality and conversability, but with a suggestion of having come not altogether willingly from a haunt of predilection to which he would fain return as soon as he might not impolitely.

He could be rarely induced to leave his place, for a stroll, a bit of luncheon at Mrs. Haven's author-frequented coffee-shop, or to join the animated and mirthful chatter of the sanctum a few dozen feet away. As he sat there, all through a morning, perhaps, he would occasionally address a remark or a question to the busy man beside him. Mr. Ticknor was nervously quick in every action; his smile was brilliant, and his blue eyes, although kindly and humorous, were direct and piercing. When, after a moment's pause, he replied to Hawthorne with a sudden toss of his head and a swift, keen flash of his eye, the latter would start, flush to his thick hair, and turn his dark eyes almost as if asking why he had been so impinged upon; but an instant later he remembered his own remark, grasped and adjusted the connection, smiled warmly and affectionately, and resumed his quiet reflection. Unlike as the two men were in physical and intellectual constitution, they yet coincided in so many spiritual correspondences, that no friendship could have been better for Hawthorne than this, which much resembled his plain, steady alliance

with Franklin Pierce, and so those common friends who knew and understood it could see why Hawthorne was unwilling to accept the Liverpool consulate unless Ticknor would go over with him and help him settle into his new harness. Hawthorne was not a visionary, a student of the occult forces and processes of man's secret soul, and a romance-writer only; he was strongly practical also. He could work hard at common tasks, measure his earnings, economize, and forecast domestic possibilities; he was a good custom-house officer at daily drudgery while scrutinizing and recording character; he could gather historical fact, draw right inference, and plan for little readers résumés of classic mythology as clear and true as the "Child's History of England." What he needed, sought, and kept was a friend stronger and more expert in practicality even than himself, to whom also he could confide upon occasion his personal thoughts, his professional plans and hopes, and his fancies and criticisms in regard to literature and æsthetics. Nowhere else, not even in his journals, was Hawthorne so frank as in the many intimate letters which he sent to this confidant from abroad. Sometimes it would not be wise or safe to take him absolutely. Everybody who has ventured to jest in writing knows how risky it is; but in passing sharp, off-hand judgments upon some common acquaintances, he evidently relied upon his friend to put a right and fair value on them. He may have included some clever girl in the generality that "all ink-stained women were detestable," and pronounced Mrs. Mowatt's plays foolish; but that did not prevent his liking the former, showing her attention, and promising to help her little magazine with a contribution, finding the actress's autobiography good and interesting, or lending his name and his money to Delia Bacon for her Shakespeare book, although he foresaw it would be a failure and did not want it pushed on his account.

An ampler and clearer estimate of women writers he once stated thus:

In my last, I recollect, I bestowed some vituper-

ation on female authors. I have since been reading "*Ruth Hall*," and I must say I enjoyed it a good deal. The woman writes as if the devil was in her; and that is the only condition under which a woman ever writes anything worth reading. Generally women write like emasculated men, and are only to be distinguished from male authors by greater feebleness and folly; but when they throw off the restraints of decency, and come before the public stark naked,—as it were,—then their books are sure to possess character and value.

If Hawthorne had a queer opinion of women's literary work, he was no less set in his notions of poetry in general. To consider two extreme cases: He says of "*The Angel in the House*": "I thought it very good, always excepting the measure, which has somewhat of the lame-dromedary movement which poets nowadays seem so partial to." Of Browning he says:

I have tried to read him, but without much success. I wish the poets now-a-days would not sing in such devilish queer measures. It bothers me horribly; and as regards these poems, I cannot understand a tenth part of them. There is something in the English atmosphere and diet that unfits a man for the comprehension and enjoyment of all transcendentalisms and of whatever passes a certain limit of common sense. In America, very probably, I might have enjoyed these poems.

But he took kindly to William Allingham's poems, and in forwarding a few presentation copies to Boston he writes: "I wish you would have them distributed to people tinctured with poetry and such nonsense." He thinks them worth reprinting, nevertheless, remarking: "There is great merit in some of the pieces. '*Cross-Examination*,' for instance, is wonderfully pithy. I can't say I have read them all, for I dislike poetry."

Had he lived in old Egyptian days, he would have discovered the secret of the Vocal Memnon, as he unravelled the mysteries concealed behind humanities as stony and formal. That he could reach, pounce upon, and draw wisdom from beneath commonplace exteriors and everyday doings, was the explanation of many things which the casual thought strange or unbecoming. His reluctance to participate in the elegant hospitality pressed upon him,

The Critic

derived from no taste for ignoble company, but because at the Old Province House tavern of Master Waite he could see and feel, beyond the common men who came to whet their clay in its bar-room, its true ghosts that still qualified the atmosphere of its chambers and stairways, while in the long dining-room of the Bromfield House, where sturdy Crockett stood and carved for his old-fashioned *table d'hôte*, were to be met stout and shrewd Boston men, through whom were to be traced back for record and use traits of person, demeanor, and character which no fine social gathering could have supplied him, however much it might have delighted and cheered him as a craftsman in composition.

So, too, in the vacation jaunts of those ante-Europe years, he wanted the same companionship. He wanted to conceal the man whose name he bore and whose features had been portrayed by brush and burin, to be just the personality within that figure, free to think, to watch, to speak, or keep silent, sure that his mood and bent would be respected and sustained. He liked to be taken to such plain, miscellaneous hotels as the Astor or Bixby's, to be entered upon their registers anonymously as "a friend" of his companion, to carry no money, to know nothing of the details of the journey, to make only chance acquaintances whom he could anatomize, but who could have no clue to him, and to be brought back home as mutely as he had been taken away. Often has the writer noticed when the two were starting for some outing, a look on Hawthorne's face of affectionate trustfulness, of content, and of such rest as if the profitable trip had been already enjoyed. It was strange to him, a youth, that one grown man should seem so dependent upon another; but life has long ago explained the perplexities.

One trip especially enjoyed by Hawthorne was made in the spring of 1862 to Washington, when he was amused by the formal presentation of a whip to the President, and by being appointed on a committee to visit For-

tress Monroe, as mere pleasure parties were not allowed to cross the river into Virginia. The pass, autographed by Secretary Stanton, is kept by the writer as a souvenir of the occasion and of the formalities of wartime.

During his residence abroad Hawthorne seems to have been in a variable state of mind. Like all thoughtful men who have held official position in Europe, he was annoyed, oppressed, and angered by ignorant, bumptious, beggarly, and swindling Americans, his national pride was touched by much that was ill-done at home, and his spirit excited by much that was said and attempted about him during the later fifties, until he wondered whether he should be finally forgiven for the monstrous lies which he had told in banquet speeches about the amity and love between the two countries. He often seemed half-despairing of the future of the United States and wholly inclined to eschew his citizenship.

A few excerpts from his Liverpool letters will show how positive were for a time his pessimism and antipathy. In 1854 he wrote these words:

You seem to be in such a confounded mess there, that it quite sickens me to think of coming back. I find it impossible to read American newspapers (of whatever political party) without being ashamed of my country. No wonder, then, if Englishmen hate and despise us, taking their ideas of us and of our institutions from such sources.

A couple of years later he was still of the same way of thinking:

To say the truth, the longer I stay away, the less I feel inclined to come back; and if it were not for my children, I question whether I should ever see America again. Not but what I love my country; but I can live more to my individual satisfaction elsewhere. I am happy to say that Julian does not share my feelings at all. He got a black eye, the other day, fighting with some English boys, who, he says, abused his country; but I believe the quarrel began with his telling them that his highest ambition was to kill an Englishman!

And at about the same time he said:

I must confess I am in no hurry to return to America. To say the truth, it looks like an infernally disagreeable country, from this side of the water.

And when he was on the point of leaving his consulate for the Continent, as he had long desired to do, he wrote :

The wise ones prophesy great commotions in France and all over the Continent. Very likely there will not be a quiet spot to live in, just when we are ready to go thither. But there seems to be no stormier prospect anywhere than in our own country, and I find myself less and less inclined to come back, with every budget of news that comes from thence. I sympathize with no party, but hate them all—free-soilers, pro-slavery men, and whatever else—all alike. In fact, I have no country, or only just enough of one to be ashamed of, and I can tell you, an American finds it difficult to hold up his head, on this side of the water, in these days. The English expect to see the republic crumble to pieces, and are chuckling over the anticipation. This is all nonsense of course; but it grinds me, nevertheless.

But the sound spirit of the man held fast, and he was often really as optimistic as he had seemed to be the reverse. In 1856 he was thus cheery and hopeful :

Pray do not be hopeless about our political concerns. We shall grow and flourish in spite of the devil. Affairs do not look so very bad at this distance, whatever they may seem to you who are in the midst of the confusion. For my part, I keep a steadfast faith in the destiny of my own country, and will not be staggered, whatever happens.

There was honest wrath, as well as odd humor, in these words :

— writes me that in case of a war between America and England he is going to fight for the latter. I hope he will live to be tarred and feathered, and that I may live to pour the first ladleful of tar on the top of his head and to clap the first handful of feathers on the same spot. He is a traitor, and his English friends know it, for they speak of him as one of themselves.

His nationalism showed in the regular, minute, and accurate doing of his consular work, and his interest and effort on behalf of American seamen, which were too often ignored at Washington. At one time he wrote bitterly and indignantly, believing that white victims of cruelty were worth as much consideration as black ones :

There is nothing in the world so much like hell as the interior of an American ship. I have made repeated statements on this subject to our govern-

ment, and, long ago, I wrote most earnestly to Charles Sumner to bring it before Congress. Had he busied himself about this, instead of Abolitionism, he would have done good service to his country and have escaped Brooks's cudgel. I offered to supply him with any amount of horrible facts; but he never noticed my letter.

The homeward-bound traveller is apt to wish during the early part of his voyage that he had remained away longer; but this feeling soon changes to a deep desire to be at home immediately. So when Hawthorne had decided to come back to America his longing began to grow upon him. And whereas he had written from Italy—

I wish I were a little more patriotic; but, to confess the truth, I had rather be a sojourner in any other country than return to my own. The United States are fit for many excellent purposes, but they are certainly not fit to live in,

he soon was crying from England :

I already begin to count the days that intervene between now and our departure, and we are all restless and feverish with the thought of home. I cannot promise to be contented when I get there, after becoming habituated to such constant change; but I mean to try to settle down into a respectable character, and have serious thoughts of going to meeting every Sunday forenoon.

And again :

I long for the time [of sailing] to come. All my homesickness has fallen upon me at once, and even Julian is scarcely more impatient than myself.

Reaching home, he re-entered into his natural love of his own land, and, forgetting his transient indifferentism, he declared :

If I were younger, I would volunteer; but, as the case stands, I shall keep quiet till the enemy gets within a mile of my own home.

He could trace the spiritual movements of his own nature, as of another's, and he added, reflectively :

I wish they would push the war a little more briskly. The excitement had an invigorating effect on me for a time, but it begins to lose its influence. But it is rather unreasonable to wish my countrymen to kill one another for the sake of refreshing my palled spirits; so I shall pray for peace.

Hawthorne's Use of his Materials*

By CHARLES TOWNSEND COPELAND

THAT Hawthorne is a romantic and a great romantic, is not only a salient fact to critics, but it makes the atmosphere of his books an unfamiliar medium to readers nourished on the fiction of to-day. Mr. Aldrich, with no more than a poet's license in statement, has gone so far as to say that, when "the magic web of romance" dropped from his hand, "the art was lost." True it is that there has been too much "romantic" writing in English since Hawthorne died, leaving the fragmentary yet precious legacy of his unfinished story. In recent years the "psychological" romance—a sort of penny-dreadful of the soul—has flourished in the happy forgetfulness of both writers and readers that Hawthorne ever walked his mystic round. Since, too, Stevenson set a bright example for men that have been more avid than capable of following it, the press has dropped forth a continuous superabundance of what, for lack of a better name, may be called the staple of romance. But this flutter of cape-and-sword chronicles, full of the fairest women, the bravest men, the most scenic scenery, and the fiercest cut-and-come - again battles,—this galvanic flurry among the devitalized elements of adventure, has been definitely to one side for persons who look upon prose fiction as an adult form of art. The main current has borne up and along the novel, not the romance, and Mr. Aldrich's line is but a poet's vision of the fact that, between the death of Hawthorne and the birth of the present moment, no writer of uncontested genius has composed romance in English prose. As Hawthorne himself—with modesty be it said—was so far from fathoming the depth of his holy-well that he lamented the lack of romance in a new country, the absence of ruins, tragedy, and shadow, it is not strange that many a critic should have echoed the author's own lamentation.

* Book rights reserved.

That Mr. Henry James should also have deplored the imaginative poverty of Hawthorne's surroundings is more a subject of remark. On other pages of his critical biography, which, although it first saw the light almost twenty years ago, remains the most important published utterance concerning Hawthorne, Mr. James shows his sensitive, if not complete appreciation of the sources as well as the nature of the New England writer's extraordinary gift. To the freshness of his naturalization as a citizen of the world and to forgetfulness of the sage Roman maxim, *Turpe est in patria peregrinari*, must be set down the momentary darkening of Mr. James's eyes, usually so hospitable to the light.

Hawthorne himself, with the delicate sense of verity of a man who could not, if he would, be anything but an artist straitly governed by the artist's conscience, shrank instinctively from enriching what seemed to him the barren native tradition drawing upon antiquity, the Middle Ages, other lands and other climes. Only after years in England and Italy did he indulge himself with themes even partly taken from those countries. He would have rejoiced, I think, in picturesque narratives not too old to be communicated orally by eye-witnesses of the events recounted. Such narratives gave Scott subjects or suggestion for most of his best stories. "The Antiquary," "Guy Mannering," and "Rob Roy," have a life that does not breathe through "Ivanhoe" and "The Talisman," or even through "Kenilworth" and "Quentin Durward." Scott, however, took a "roving permit," and ranged at will over time and space. For Hawthorne it was necessary that his subject should at least be based on what he had seen with his eyes, or what was native and in his blood. "The Marble Faun," it will be remembered, has American characters, although the stage is set—and too elaborately set—for Rome.

And the subject of the book is one naturally dear to a New Englander descended from the Puritans. Had Rome been as familiar to the author as his theme and his characters, it would have grown naturally one with them—as Salem, the old house, the Pyncheon family, are one in "The House of the Seven Gables"—and we should have been spared the reminder, common in many writers but exceedingly rare in Hawthorne, of the spectacle, the scene-shifter, and the property-man.

These associations of the theatre would have been persistently present in the work of the natural man, narrowly placed, yet with a turn for the uncommon and for whatever makes a picture. Down through Scotland, into England, across the narrow seas to France, thence out into the world both past and present,—this is a better graduated escape from cramping conditions than a bold initiatory flight beyond the Atlantic. Yet this flight is precisely the one on which the conventional American romance-writer would have tried his viewless wings. For, even if Cooper had not captured the poor Indian as a rich quarry for himself, the typical writer whom we are contemplating, with the peculiar but intelligible American susceptibility to the foreign and the old, would have found Europe and the past the directions of least resistance. His blood would have answered to visions of the Byzantine and the Roman Empire. The invasion of the Huns, the Spaniards struggling against the Moors, the Field of the Cloth of Gold, would have been a war kaleidoscope before his eyes. Flodden and Dunbar invited him to Scotland; the Boyne, to Ireland; Hastings, the Roses, and Naseby, to England; the Fronde and the Bastille, to France. The cavaliers and dames of all time, safely guarded in castles or dotted over the sunny plains of history, were ready to be his heroes and his heroines. Surely a man of the New World, especially if he chanced to be master of an exquisite style, might have added a spacious "landscape, with figures," to the manifold, gleaming web of which the moderns hold one end and Homer the other. It is a legitimate

beguilement, but Hawthorne was not to be thus beguiled. His fabric must be woven of what his eye had seen, either in the flesh or by inheritance. Hawthorne's gift still further restricted itself, and what he left unattempted is as eloquent of that gift as what he so perfectly achieved. A New England Scott or a New England Dumas—if any man could imagine such an author—might possibly have shut himself in to things known either by personal experience or personal tradition. Even then, the scrupulous artist would have laid hands upon the not unplentiful incident within his reach. The French-and-Indian Wars, of which Thackeray made good subsidiary use in "The Virginians," would have been fought again in his pages; and so with the Revolutionary conflict and the wisdom of Washington, used also by Thackeray in the disintegrated final volume of that charming, prolix book. The conscientious Dumas-Scott of New England would have managed some drama within the wooden walls of *The Constitution*. One at least of his heroes would have come over in *The Mayflower*; at least one other would have been found among the Massachusetts farmers on their way to Louisburg; a third would have been right-hand man to Ethan Allen when he summoned Fort Ticonderoga to surrender, in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress. In sooth and in brief, the conventional romancer, placed in New England and finding himself an artist with a Puritan conscience, would have rummaged the Colonial archives and worked the sparse Colonial annals for all they were worth in honest, hearty, external romance.

Not so with Hawthorne. Honest, hearty, external romance is not for him. His heart is not with Nathan Hale, or with Paul Revere on his ride, or with Wolfe taking the Heights of Abraham, and conquering the foe who courted death with the high chivalry of Sidney. Incident is not unimportant with Hawthorne, but it is important chiefly as the outward, bodily sign of inward and moral drama. And if young readers (and all other readers) of Hawthorne

would grasp this cardinal fact of his genius, they would cease demanding from him "action"—in the conventional sense—and several other elements, to be noted anon, which, though in themselves admirable and to be desired, the author of "*The Scarlet Letter*" has not found indispensable to his unique endeavor.

In apparent contradiction to what has just been said, Hawthorne is often spoken of as if he were the historical novelist of New England, annalist-in-ordinary to "the old Thirteen." In letter, nothing could be more false; in spirit, nothing more true. All that most of us know of the life of our ancestors resolves itself into a kind of tableau, intermittently present to the inward eye, and moralized by what we remember of "*The Scarlet Letter*," the "*Legends of the Province House*," and certain portions of "*The House of the Seven Gables*." Our not too graphic historians co-operate with the word of mouth, spoken on from generation to generation, to outline a sketch of the bleak past. A few legends soberly color this. Old portraits, old chairs, old teaspoons, and beautiful old brass candlesticks document and certify to the partial portrait; and even the average young New Englander, incurious of his country's past, is always able to draw aside the curtain from some such latent tableau or series of tableaux as this. He sees a long, narrow, wind-swept strip of land between forest and shore,—between the Indian and the deep sea. If it is muster day in any village of the strip, all the ancestors above sixteen years old are marching about in armor. The officers wear swords, the men carry "matchlocks" or ten-foot pikes. If it is town-meeting, the ancestors, clad now in the small-clothes, jerkins, ruffs, and steeple-crown hats of peace, discuss even the least affairs with the patience of their constitutional breeding, and gravely cast the affirmative corn, or the negative beans. If it is no day in particular, the young New Englander may look through the leaded panes of a log house and see the ancestor—*his* ancestor, perhaps—reading the Bible

aloud, or dozing before a mighty fire, or making ready his guns against the Indian enemy who neither slumbered nor slept. Winter, Sunday, the little fortified meeting-house, and the rote of a few doleful hymns, probably appear very often indeed in our young contemporary's vision of those strenuous beginnings. If the conception he has, the conception most of us have, of the intellectual and moral life of the people is as grim as the physical conditions under which they thought, prayed, worked, and fought, Hawthorne is probably responsible for it. Those brave, intelligent fanatics—always brave, and always intelligent where superstition was not concerned—were no doubt morbidly sensitive in both religion and morals. The early government of Massachusetts has rightly been called a theocracy. Although the church-members—and most of the voters were church-members—probably felt themselves nearer the Unseen than any like body of modern men except the Scottish Covenanters, yet the gist of all their praying was in the words of the hymn, "for a closer walk with God."

The truth of this general statement cannot be denied. But it is an imperfect statement, too often left without the obvious and needful supplement. In the Theocracy as such, in the preachings and prayings and persecutions, we forget other quite as real aspects of these men. We forget them as soldiers and sailors; as law-makers, town-makers, and state-builders; as subjects of James and Charles and Cromwell, and Charles again. We lose sight of the secular man bound up with the consecrated man within the iron ribs of the Puritan. It is as if one should say that Franklin never lived because Jonathan Edwards was so much alive. And Hawthorne is to blame. Innocently, even unconsciously; yet still to blame. Other men have written about the Puritans and their descendants; none other with Hawthorne's power, or with a tithe of his imagination. People forget, too, how seldom that imagination exercises itself with simply historical subjects in dealing with New England life; and, although Hawthorne has unmistakably

the historic consciousness, it might better be called the *frisson historique*. For, however he starts with a subject taken from history, in nine cases out of ten he either gives it an eerie twist, or makes it a mere point of departure into conscience land, where—as an artist—he is forever pondering, in his inherited preoccupation with sin, grim, dusky problems of good and evil. The secular Puritan is nothing to him. The sinning good man, the persecutor and the persecuted, the bewitched and the hag-ridden, are the Puritans for him. And this controlling bent of Hawthorne's mind, which shows itself first in tales of the early Colonial times, still controls it in "The Blithedale Romance," and other stories of later New England life, as well as in "Rappacini's Daughter" and "Transformation."

At first, while Hawthorne was trying his hand at the external, the ethical preoccupation was probably unconscious. In "Mosses from an Old Manse" and in "Blithedale," where he is of course conscious enough of the habitual direction of his art, there are some admirable words of his own which are directly in point. "The Old Apple Dealer"—to be found in the "Mosses"—begins with the following sentence: "The lover of the moral picturesque may sometimes find what he seeks in a character which is nevertheless of too negative a description to be seized upon and represented to the imaginative vision by word painting." The inveterate "lover of the moral picturesque" causes Miles Coverdale to say: "I had never before experienced a mood that so robbed the actual world of its solidity. It nevertheless involved a charm, on which—a devoted epicure of my own emotions—I resolved to pause, and enjoy the moral sillabub until quite dissolved away." Coverdale, whatever his habitual relation to his creator, is evidently Hawthorne during that pause. Hawthorne himself is never more quintessentially Hawthorne than in a passage of the "Italian Note-Books" which, during some comment on the confessional, includes the pregnant remark: "It must be very tedious to listen, day after day, to the minute

and commonplace iniquities of the multitude of penitents, and it cannot be often that these are redeemed by the treasure-trove of a great sin." Hawthorne's provinciality, so far as he was provincial—and in some directions this quality carried him a good way,—was important in circumscribing the field of his imagination. It was still more important to a writer whose professional treasure-trove was sin, or rather the sense of sin, that there were few or no outward distractions to beguile him from the main tendency of his genius. Hawthorne's heart was with New England, and his treasure was in the consecrated, Calvinistic part of the Puritan tradition.

But the Puritan, *redivivus*, would have thought this treasure ill-gotten gain,—a fortune with a curse on it. The Reverend John Cotton, minister of "New Boston," being asked why in his latter days he indulged *nocturnal studies* more than formerly, pleasantly replied, "Because I love to sweeten my mouth with a piece of Calvin before I go to sleep." Now Mr. Cotton, were he still with us, might find many a piece of Calvin in the works of Hawthorne, but so flavored, sauced, and garnished as to be no better than witches' broth in the mouth of a Puritan divine. Mr. Henry James, who first expressed in precise terms the truth about Hawthorne's use of his material, thereby did an immense service to criticism in relieving the world of the impression—on the one hand—that he was the *romancier pessimiste* of Montégut's essay, and of the impression—on the other hand—that he was a kind of Neo-Puritanic teacher, with a moral and a purpose. Nothing in criticism is more subtle, and nothing, I am persuaded, more just, than Mr. James's pages concerning this matter. I risk injustice to him for the pleasure of quoting here a word or two of that remarkable exposition.

Nothing is more curious and interesting [says Mr. James] than this almost exclusively imported character of the sense of sin in Hawthorne's mind; it seems to exist there merely for an artistic or literary purpose. He had ample cognizance of the Puritan conscience; it was his natural heritage; it was reproduced in him; looking into his soul, he

found it there. But his relation to it was only, as one may say, intellectual : it was not moral and theological. He played with it, and used it as a pigment ; he treated it, as the metaphysicians say, objectively.

In less dignified language, he found a great lump of Puritan black lead, which, by some process he never explained, arrived upon his palette as the varying hues of fancy.

Hawthorne from an English Point of View

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE

DISSATISFACTION was expressed in Boston when Mr. Henry James, taking it upon himself to apologize to Europe for America, wrote that Nathaniel Hawthorne was "provincial." Boston in this case was right, and Mr. Henry James was wrong. To apologize for a nation is almost as ungracious as to indict one, and the epithet is not less misleading than unkind. Your true "provincial" is a man of the world—but of a small world: obviously belonging to his environment—such as it is. Nathaniel Hawthorne, just as obviously, never really belonged to any one of the many environments in which he successively found himself. He had, from time to time, a certain professional contact with the external world, as a weigher and gauger, as a customs-house official, as a consul; but socially he never was in touch with it. He belonged to Salem, or Concord, or Brook Farm, as little as to Liverpool, or London, or Rome. Wherever he went, his real life was somewhere else, in some remote and invisible cloudband. His position in every social circle in turn suggests not the Provincial, but rather the Mysterious Stranger. There is hardly any period or circumstance of his life in which that phrase is not a fair superficial description of his relations with his *milieu*.

He began at Salem, where his solitude was almost absolute. For years his neighbors there were aware of him only as an eccentric young man who avoided their society, did nothing to push his way in the world, but spent his days locked in his bedroom and his nights in solitary peregrinations on the

seashore or through the silent streets. His few acquaintances were rather interesting to him as the professional student of human nature than likely to draw out any latent social gifts that he possessed. "A very polite and agreeable gentleman whom I afterwards discovered to be a strolling tailor of very questionable habits," is one fairly representative example. He himself has written that his "lonely youth was wasted" in these conditions; and if it was not truly wasted, it was at any rate offered up as an unconscious sacrifice to the formation of his genius. It is essentially a grave, gloomy, and unsocial genius. He writes, not as an unhappy man, but as a man who has never known what it is to be young,—who has never "let himself go" in irresponsible frivolity. The early conditions of his life adequately account for that. They account also for that habit of detachment from his material environment which suggests the description of him, in whatever social circle, as the Mysterious Stranger.

From Salem Hawthorne proceeded to Boston, to perform functions in the customs house. There social advances were made to him, but he resented them. "Why cannot they leave poor persecuted Me alone?" he protested when invited to dine out; and he declined the invitations and lived eremitically. Then followed the Brook-Farm episode. Here transcendentalists of both sexes proposed to till the ground, forming a co-operative society, and living a communal life. Hawthorne sank all his savings in the adventure, and then found that he could not himself

be a partner in it. His companions distrusted him, feeling that his eye was fixed on them, not sympathetically but critically and ironically; and he himself confessed that "the real Me was never an associate of the community." He came to that conclusion quite suddenly, and having come to it, he vanished, got married, and went to live at Concord. Here at least one might have expected him to expand genially, for here was concentrated the best literary society of New England. Emerson shone upon Concord as a constant sun, and Margaret Fuller flashed upon it as a frequent meteor. But the records of Hawthorne's sojourn there depict an uncanny apparition rather than a human being of flesh and blood. He was the man whom every one heard of but whom no one ever saw. A lady who is still living relates that, as a child in her teens, she once climbed up to his study window by a ladder in order to make sure of his material existence. As a rule he was only to be seen after sundown, canoeing by moonlight on the Concord River. When he tramped through the slush to the village reading-room, he returned home "generally without having spoken a word to any human being." Margaret Fuller, who thought that the secret of happiness lay in talking, wanted him to receive Mr. and Mrs. Ellery Channing as "boarders"; but he rebuked her with gentle dignity. Emerson, who received pilgrims on Sunday evenings, invited him to the receptions. He attended them, but sat apart from the company, taciturn and sombre. Those who were nearest to his intimacy are mentioned, even in his note-book, with the honorific prefix of "Mr." His own testimony is that "a cloudy veil stretches across the abyss of my nature." Any one, he adds, is welcome to descend into those depths if he can. "But he must find his own way there; I can neither guide nor enlighten him."

As it was at Concord, so it was at Salem during Hawthorne's second sojourn there as Surveyor of the Port, and so it was also during the years which he spent in Europe. His repu-

tation was then made. When he took the Liverpool Consulate, he was the representative American of letters. As many doors were open to him as to Bret Harte, who afterwards took the Consulate at Glasgow; but he entered them rarely, reluctantly, and dreamily. Lord Houghton tried hard to "launch" him, but came to the conclusion, quite unwarranted as we are assured by the biographers, that Hawthorne had conceived a personal dislike to him. At literary breakfasts and dinners he pleased neither himself nor others, not because he was morose, nor because he was "provincial," but simply because he was not, and could not get, "in touch." The old habit of dwelling in the clouds adhered to him. The veil was still stretched across the abyss of his nature, and also operated as a bandage for his eyes. What he wrote gives the impression that he disliked England, and Englishmen, and Englishwomen. He had no chance of liking them because he never saw them. All that he ever saw was the romantic and poetical England of the past: the England of Shakespeare and Dr. Johnson. For them the veil lifted; or else he summoned them behind it. The actual contemporary England was hidden from him. In exquisite prose he passed criticism which would have seemed inaccurate even for a reporter. He went so far as to write of Englishwomen as compounded of beef and beer, and so gave offence. But no offence was meant, and none need be taken. For it might be said of the sojourn in England as truly as of the sojourn on Brook Farm, that "the real Me was never an associate of the community." The real Me was then, as ever, in the clouds, and at Lord Houghton's breakfast parties there attended only the apparition of a Mysterious Stranger.

It is important to dwell upon this attitude of Hawthorne towards the external world, not so much for the purpose of acquitting him of the charge of "provincialism," which, in the case of a writer of his genius, is no great matter, as because the quality of his writings is largely explained by it.

One would gladly take it that the real Me had nothing to do with the writing of the "campaign" life of President Pierce. It is a thoroughly deplorable document, exalting a public man of an inferior type, and defending the "peculiar institution" with pernicious ingenuity. One can only excuse it on the ground that Hawthorne, descending from his native cloudland to the political arena, knew as little what he was doing as the majority of those platform orators and leader writers who have lately been forgetting their political economy in their admiration of Mr. Chamberlain. His place was in cloudland, and the real Me remained there, while the apparition came forth to go pamphleteering on behalf of an old friend who might be relied upon to show gratitude in the hour of victory. It is not a pleasant story, in whatever light we look at it; and it is best not to look at it at all, but to consider only the real Me's real work, imagined and composed in isolation and detachment.

There never was work which bore the stamp of detachment more unmistakably; and it is an entirely different kind of detachment from that, for example, of Flaubert. In the case of the French master it is only the point of view that is detached. Flaubert stands aloof from his story and from his characters, and unfolds his narrative without enthusiasm, or sympathy, or any sort of *parti pris*. But the story and the characters themselves are not imagined but observed. A very real Me has been among them taking notes; and the deadliness of the irony is the direct result of the minute accuracy of the report. Flaubert, in short, despised the external world, but did not avoid it except under the compulsion of bad health. Hawthorne, on the contrary, did not despise it, but did avoid it,—or rather shrank from it, much as a timid child shrinks from the rough life of a public school, with the result that his novels are not to be thought of as novels of real life. None of them have the ring which persuades you that this is very likely happening next door or round the corner. They do not spring from the observation of real life, and it

cannot even be said that they represent real life as seen through the distorted mirror of an eccentric temperament. They depend not upon observation but upon intuition. Conceived in cloudland, they symbolize life instead of depicting it. Their characters are not individuals exalted into types, but types introduced to us as individuals. In the case of a few of the characters, such as Zenobia in "*The Blithedale Romance*" and Hepzibah in "*The House of the Seven Gables*," the individual pierces through the symbol. But this is rare. In "*The Scarlet Letter*," which is commonly, and perhaps rightly, accounted the masterpiece, there is hardly even the attempt to individualize the type. One cannot weep for Hester Prynne because one cannot feel that she is of flesh and blood. She is the embodiment of an idea,—the impersonal victim of a relentless Nemesis. One is made sensible, not of the pathos of her sufferings, but of the tragedy of her situation.

Yet if one seeks for any profound and definite truth which Hawthorne may have sought to symbolize, one is disappointed. In cloudland, no less than in real life, he seems to have been fumbling and feeling his way. He symbolized sentiments rather than thoughts,—sentiments, too, which were probably incapable of exact definition. A French critic has spoken of him as a pessimist; but that is wrong. Pessimism implies a doctrine, and Hawthorne had none. Moreover Hawthorne lacked another great qualification for pessimism. He was, in his way, a happy man. His fortunate marriage ensured his happiness, and his letters bear witness to it. But it was a sombre happiness into which gayety did not enter. His humor, which is considerable, is the humor of a lonely man,—an unsociable kind of humor. One is often conscious of it, but seldom, if ever, moved to laughter by it; and one is always more conscious of the deep autumnal tone of melancholy. Emerson was so conscious of this that he is said to have gone about, at one time, advising people not to read Hawthorne's books. Few critics, perhaps,

are so completely committed to optimism as to feel the necessity for that strong measure, but many must find the melancholy morbid, and desire to analyze it.

No doubt the Puritanism of New England played a part in it. It is a very ugly Puritanism, with a very ugly history behind it; but it must have been through the ugliness of its past rather than of its present that it principally affected Hawthorne. He does not seem to have been brought up in the terror of hell, or the sense of sin, or the unrelieved tedium of religious exercises. Consequently there could be no question of deliberate revolt against such obsessions. But Puritanism was in the air, and in the family—more particularly in the family. Hawthorne's ancestors in the direct line had committed abominations in the name of Puritanism burning witches, and persecuting Quakers. These facts were skeletons in his cupboard, and skeletons of no ancient date. He inherited these hideous memories of the crimes of his forefathers, and they oppressed him like a nightmare. "I, the present writer," he wrote, "as their representative, hereby take shame upon myself for their sakes, and pray that any curse incurred by them—as I have heard, and as the dreary and unprosperous condition of the race, for many a long year back, would argue to exist—may be now and henceforth removed."

How far Hawthorne actually believed in that hereditary "curse" might be a matter of debate. In the sense in which his misguided ancestors believed in witchcraft, he probably did not believe in it at all. He was hardly the sort of man to shed the articles of the Christian faith and yet cling to old wives' superstitions. But he had certain sombre facts before him. The ancestors had worked this wickedness; the family had slowly declined from importance and prosperity; the fable of the curse was current. And Hawthorne's manner of life was not such as to help him to shake off any gloomy thoughts which the grim association of ideas engendered. The thoughts must have been present with him when he

locked himself in his bedroom, and when he took his lonely walks on the seashore in the dusk; and that seclusion and those walks extended over many impressionable years. The result must have been, not indeed a definite belief, but a morbid frame of mind, gradually built up and consolidated by the solitary meditations of a man who was never taken out of himself. The frame of mind has its place in literature in "*The House of the Seven Gables*." It was the creation not of the artist's fancy but of the man's experience.

The inheritance of the curse, however, would have been a small thing if a goodly portion of the Puritan temperament had not been inherited with it. It was just because he possessed the temperament that he was sensitive about the curse. For his relation to the religion of his ancestors was very much like that of Carlyle. Carlyle has been described as a Calvinist who had lost his creed. Hawthorne might be defined as a Puritan who did not go to church. For the determining of his theological standpoint this negative evidence is practically all that exists; but Puritanism as a feeling is very obviously present in every fibre of his being. We can discover it in small matters,—in his refusal, for instance, to meet George Eliot because of the irregularity of her matrimonial status, and in his tirade in "*Transformation*" against the indecorous impropriety of the nude in art. But one discovers it chiefly in the tone of his principal romances. Even when he seems to be assailing Puritanism, he is using the Puritan weapons, and speaking in the Puritan language from the Puritan point of view. He most naturally writes of sin, and of judgment insistently pursuing sin from one generation to another. His most characteristic climax suggests the sounding of the trumpet to announce the Judgment Day. His happy endings, such as the good fortune of Pearl in "*The Scarlet Letter*," and the marriage of Phoebe to the daguerreotypist in "*The House of the Seven Gables*," are always "out of the picture." They suggest weak

concessions to the well-known desires of the subscribers to the circulating libraries; and if they have sometimes been enthusiastically applauded, that only proves that they have served their purpose, and pleased the type of mind for which they were intended.

Not, of course, that Hawthorne wrote, or desired to be read, as a moralist. Even from "The Scarlet Letter," where a moral might naturally be looked for, it would be difficult to extract any but the mild and obvious moral (for the sake of which the book quite clearly was not written) that young clergymen ought to be circumspect in their dealings with the female members of their flocks. Graver moral issues, it is true, arise, if they cannot be said to be raised, in the course of the narrative; but they are not settled. There is hardly even a hint towards their settlement. "What we did," cries Hester Prynne, "had a consecration of its own"; and, at the end, she looks forward to a "new truth" that should "establish the whole relation between man and woman upon a surer basis of mutual happiness." But this means nothing unless it means that a system of free love would be preferable to our present monogamous arrangements. A moralist would be helpless in the presence of the dilemma. Hawthorne is not embarrassed by it, and, apparently, did not even see it. What he saw was a story, and he told it as an artist,—but as an artist whose soul was soaked in the Puritan sentiment to which he owed no intellectual allegiance. He could not lose sight of the consecration because he saw the sin, or of the sin because he saw the consecration. But he took no side, being content to unfold the drama and exhibit the pity and the fear.

It is in a sense an unreal story. Cold analysis would be fatal to it. In no actual world, even of the Puritan period, can one believe that the characters would have acted as Hawthorne makes them act. An actual intrigue of the sort which he relates would inevitably have been less sublime. The minister would either have been more of a man or more of a cur. His victim—but

analysis of that kind is as idle as it is easy. The whole narrative is lifted on to a plane on which such criticism has no place, and the unreality is deliberate. The artist has not illuminated real life by his genius, but has used the forms and machinery of life to present a picture conceived, as it were, in the cloudland of abstract ideas. There is no call upon our tears because we have to do, not with human beings of like passions with ourselves, but with symbols, and with the clash of the conflicting forces which they symbolize. We are not so much moved as impressed, —impressed at once by the cold, chaste beauty of the picture, and by the sense of the unwavering march of inevitable retribution.)

It was, no doubt, the theme of the book rather than its merits that accounted for its immediate success. It seemed to stir questions of profound moral significance to which American novel readers were unaccustomed. On the one hand the orthodox blew upon the trumpet. "Is the French era actually begun in our literature?" asked the indignant *Church Review*. On the other hand, the author received a shower of letters from admirers, principally, it would seem, young women, whose affections had been starved, and in whose bosoms the idea of "consecration" for sin, and of a "new truth" concerning sexual obligations and restrictions had awakened a responsive chord. That, however, was, in the nature of things, a transitory impression. The new truth in question was only mentioned by name, and not defined. Many other new truths on the same subject have since been not only mentioned but expounded. From that point of view "The Scarlet Letter" has long ago been superseded; but the book has nevertheless survived; and what has kept it alive has been the remorseless drama, rising at the last to what in hands less skilled would have been melodrama. The scene in which the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale, in the exercise of his holy office, denounces his own sin, is not only one of the most powerful in all literature, but also one which later writers have

most delighted to honor with the flat-
tery of imitation. It is repeated in
"Les Misérables," and in the countless
melodramas based upon "Les Misérables," where the magistrate on the
bench points to the prisoner in the
dock, exclaiming: "Here, take the fet-
ters off those honest hands and rivet
them on mine." It is repeated when
Mr. Hall Caine's Manxmen assemble
the populace to listen to the confes-
sions of their crimes. It has been re-
peated with less variation by a minor
novelist, the author of "The Silence of
Dean Maitland."

This particular proof of excellence is
not forthcoming in the case of the other books; but a review of "The Scarlet Letter" might nevertheless very nearly
serve as a review of the whole of Hawthorne's work. It all depends not upon
observation of the actual facts of cur-
rent life, but upon meditation con-
ducted in the sombre cloudland of
symbols and abstract ideas. Con-
sequently it is all very unreal in one sense,
though, at the same time, very real in
another. The picture, even when
ostensibly a picture of contemporary
life, does not in the least resemble any-
thing that we have ever seen or are
likely ever to see. But Hawthorne has
seen it in a vision, and to him it has
meant something. It renders a feeling
rather than an idea, but it renders the
feeling faithfully, though symbolically.
It is convincing not as an argument but
as a sensation—real to the reader who
does not confuse reality with realism.

There is no realism in, for instance,
"The House of the Seven Gables." On
the contrary, there is much fantastic
nonsense about mesmerism, and there
are many of the cheap tricks of melo-
drama. But the story is real in the
higher sense, in spite of these unreal
ingredients. There is, just as in "The
Scarlet Letter," a tragedy which makes
no appeal for tears because the char-
acters are symbols rather than persons—
are, with the exception of Hepzibah,
general rather than particular. The
real thing is the curse, working through
the generations to the ultimate extinc-
tion of a family. The idea of heredi-
tary curses haunted Hawthorne as we

have seen. He had locked himself up
with them in his bedroom, and he had
taken long walks with them in the twi-
light on the beach. The story lives as
the medium of this nightmare. All
the exquisite detail is subsidiary to its
exhibition, and all the fantastic and
melodramatic episodes are in accord
with it. They supply the atmosphere.
However sceptical our temperament,
we have to feel as if we believed in
curses as long as that atmosphere
environs us.

Perhaps, however, Hawthorne's ad-
dition to the fantastic and melo-
dramatic was a source of weakness as
well as of strength. There are times
when it is out of the picture, like
his machine-made happy endings, and
introduces discordant unreality into
stories that have promised to be real.
It does so conspicuously in "The
Blithedale Romance." In that novel,
at any rate, Hawthorne claimed that
real life was his starting-point. He
admits, in his preface, that Blithedale
was suggested by Brook Farm; and it
is said that Miles Coverdale was meant
for himself, and Zenobia for Margaret
Fuller. A passing reference in the
course of the story to the real Margaret
Fuller—a reference which would be
absolutely purposeless if it were not
intended to throw the reader off the
scent—is fairly conclusive evidence
that he did begin to draw Zenobia with
that lady in his mind. But, how-
ever that may be, both Margaret Fuller
and Brook Farm are soon lost sight of.
The supernatural and the melodramatic
supervene; and the story which begins
as an ironical presentation of an inter-
esting social experiment resolves
itself into weird talk about Veiled
Ladies, and disclosures of guilty se-
crets, and the superfluous discovery of
a long-lost father. Even the frank
tomfoolery of Besant's similar novel,
"The Monks of Thelema," is less pain-
fully inappropriate to the theme than
these sensational absurdities. Than
"The Blithedale Romance" there
could be no more convincing proof
that "the real Me" was never at Brook
Farm.

Was the real Me ever at Rome? One

The Critic

is bound to ask that question after reading "Transformation" *; and to ask it is perhaps to answer it.

"Transformation" is a charming book from many points of view. Many tourists have used it as a glorified guide-book; and it is superfluous to say that it is infinitely better written, though less systematically arranged, than the works of Augustus J. C. Hare. The descriptions are always delightful, and the symbolism is often charming, even when it is not very easy to understand. The reader will also be stopped and fascinated, as Hawthorne's friend, Henry Bright, was, by the passing criticisms of life. "There are little bits of *you* in the book which are best of all—half-moralizing, half-thinking aloud."

A book, however, may earn high praise on these lines and yet remain unsatisfactory. Critics have found "Transformation" unsatisfactory for several reasons; but one reason may suffice, since it includes all the others. Rome was too vast, and various, and rich in points of interest to yield any response to methods which had succeeded admirably in New England, where all life was prosaic, and the storied past was only a thing of yesterday.

Hawthorne himself unquestionably suspected this. It was presumably because he suspected it that he went to the American colony for his characters. By doing so he provided an artistic justification for the inevitable intrusion of the New England point of view. The real weakness of the book has

nothing to do with this point of view, which is, artistically, as permissible as any other, but consists in the invasion of mystery and melodrama. In the New England stories these devices of romance could be effective. There was nothing in real life to compete with them. They illuminated the dark places, and contrasted with the dreary common round. But in Rome the realities were themselves romantic, and neither the mysterious parentage of Hawthorne's Jewess, nor the dark secret of his denizen of the catacombs, could, in comparison with them, seem either interesting or important. They suggest stage thunder while a real thunder storm is raging, a display of fireworks in the sunlight, a dime novel bound up with a poem. The suspicion of that fact also seems to have stolen over Hawthorne while he was writing. For his mysteries differ from the usual mysteries of fiction in one remarkable particular. They are left unsolved, for all the world as if their inventor had grown ashamed of them.

We may take it, therefore, that Hawthorne failed in Rome, and that, to use his own language, "the real Me" was never there. But his success in New England, where the real Me remained, was so splendid that he could afford the failure. One hundred years after his birth, on the 4th of July, 1904, he still remains the greatest and most typical man of letters that New England has produced: not, perhaps, the greatest painter of his country's manners, but—what is of higher import—the greatest interpreter of its spirit.

*The English title for "The Marble Faun."

Hawthorne's Last Years

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

FROM green, showery England and the cool Atlantic my father returned to Concord to find it parching under the unmitigated heat of the New England summer. A few friends met him at the dock; but he took the afternoon train out of Boston and reached the Wayside before supper-time. Little Benjie, the youngest son of Uncle Horace Mann, attended us on our way from the railway station, and entertained us by his Yankee "guessing" and smart ways. And my father, who, during the voyage, had cast many a thoughtful glance back toward the east, now beheld the buff-colored old dwelling in which he was to pass the four closing years of his life. No doubt he may have said to himself that there were villas in Italy, and country-seats in England, which would better have suited him. Doubtless, too, but for his children's sake, he would have settled somewhere in Europe; he had lived in Europe so long, and it had become endeared to him by so many associations, sad as well as pleasant, and the quiet and old-fashioned ways there so well suited his age and temperament, that he could no longer feel anything homelike in America. Yet he was patriotic, and loved his country. The truth may have been, that he could have been content neither in the Old World nor in the New; whichever he had chosen, he would have regretted the other. Be that as it may, it was America that he chose; he wished his son to go to an American college, and his daughters to grow up under American conditions. There are indications that he may have entertained a hope that, after some years, circumstances would permit him to revisit the Old Home. But, if so, the hope was soon abandoned. Meanwhile he maintained a cheerful demeanor, and contemplated the Wayside with a humorous expression, half-pleased, half-rueful. He was still boy enough to feel something of those pleasurable thrills which shook

the hearts of his children at their homecoming. Perhaps he would find it possible to take up the old life with fresh zest, and to do work which should have in it the spirit of the Western continent, enriched and deepened by his experience of the East. America was the nobler choice.

Concord, in those days, was after all a homely old place, and the folks were hospitable. Here were the cordial Manns, and Aunt Lizzie Peabody, and Mr. Bull, the grape-grower, and the benign light of Emerson's countenance, and white-haired, orphic Mr. Alcott, blinking as though dazzled by the light of his own inspiration; and hook-nosed, bearded, stealthy Thoreau, and Ellery Channing, stalking in, downcast and elusive, but with a substantial man inside, could you but catch him; and Judge Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, with his lovely, spiritual sister; and other kindly people. There was none of the storied richness and automatic method of English society, which takes the individual into its comfortable current, and sweeps him along through agreeable eddies and leisurely stretches with the least possible exertion on his own part; yet it was in its way the best of society, intelligent, simple, natural, self-respecting, and quietly independent. Its members knew how to be social, and also how to let one another alone. They were mutually helpful, but not intrusive. If they happened to know that Concord was the best place in the world they did not think it necessary to proclaim the fact in and out of season. There stood the stout little town; let it speak for itself. Down by the river, where had stood the rude bridge that arched the flood, was a little gray stone obelisk, marking the spot where the British soldiers fell with the sound of the shot that was heard round the world ringing in their dying ears. A mile away was the four-square white wooden home of Emerson, toward which were turned

the trusting eyes of all emancipated optimists the world over, though his fellow-townsman knew him to be, really, simply a good neighbor and useful citizen, who had as much to thank Concord for as Concord him, and whose transcendental vagaries they regarded with kindly indulgence. Thoreau had his amiable foibles too; and Concord had fought it out with him, and overcome him, in the matter of tax-paying; but he could bear witness that in Concord grew all the flowers and sang all the birds worth mentioning in the world, and he could cause Indian arrow-heads to sprout out of the earth merely by casting his eyes downward. Judge Hoar, again, was the best judge in New England, and his venerable father, who was still living (a memorable figure, gentlemanly, mild, slender, with a rusty black body-coat and high stock, and a tall, dusty stove-pipe hat set on his pale, serene brows), would have been better than he had he not already lived his active life in a former generation. Where in the world could you buy better groceries than at Walcott and Holden's, or finer shoes than those that Jonas Hastings made in his little back shop, or a more commodious assortment of general goods than were to be found in Mr. Stacy's store (indeed, he was afterward appointed postmaster, and his place became a social club during the two-half-hours before and after mail-deliveries). If you spoke of farming, there were Mr. Moore's broad acres, with their thriving crops of asparagus, brought up according to the latest scientific methods, and rhubarb, and corn, and tomatoes, and other vegetables; not to speak of his many prosperous rivals. In the way of a hostelry, there was the time-honored Middlesex Hotel, with its veranda and sheds and easy-going bar-room; and on the other side of the village square was the brick town-hall, where, every week in the season, one or other of the lights of the New England lecture-platform held forth to attentive and appreciative audiences; or where balls and receptions were given upon occasion, or political meetings held as important as

any in Faneuil Hall; or if you wanted medical treatment, who was better than old Doctor Bartlett?—or if a school, Master Sanborn, over to the west yonder, was second to no pedagogue in the world in his ability to turn country boys and girls into accomplished men and women. It was not necessary to draw attention to these excellences; they were visible and undeniable to the most careless eye. And it was no wonder, therefore, that Nathaniel Hawthorne, after his tour of the world, should return at last to old Concord as to the most desirable place on this planet to live and die in.

So my father, clad in an old hat and coat and village-made shoes, strolled about his estate and meditated over Concord and the less notable places that he had known. He did not much affect Boston or even local society. He did not care to take a longer walk than to Walden Pond and back, or up the old turnpike along which the British had retreated a hundred years before; he confined himself for the most part to his own fields and hillside. The level meadow on the south of the road was laid out partly in young fruit-trees, and partly in corn and beans; a straight path to the brook was made, and larches were set out on both sides of it. A few old apple-trees grew to the west of the area divided by the path; and there was one Porter apple-tree that stood close to the fence, on which early and delicious fruit appeared in profusion every year. The house-enclosure was protected from the street by a hedge, and by tall spruces; there was likewise an ancient mulberry-tree, spreading its boughs over the tiny lawn in front of the library windows, and scattering it, in the season, with its crimson and purple berries. Against its low trunk a rustic seat was put up, on which my father and mother often sat in the afternoons, talking over their domestic and agricultural plans. On the hillside, terraced out years before by Alcott, more apple-trees grew; and abundant laburnums, their branches heavy with pendulous golden blossoms; and higher up, on the summit, white pines and pitch pines, and a mingled,

irregular array of birch, oak, elm, and hickory, all of recent growth; a tangled little wood, with none of the grandeur and spaciousness of the forests of Walden. But there was a pleasant, quiet view from the western brow of the hill, and a seat was made there, in the Alcott style, of twisted boughs; and eastward from it, along the crest of the acclivity, my father was wont to pace to and fro by himself, mornings and afternoons, until at length a foot-path was worn into the rooty substance of the hill, a distance of some two hundred yards to the fence which enclosed Mr. Bull's estate. Many a meditative mile did he pace there; and the track formed by his recurrent footsteps remained distinct long after he had passed farther on his way, whither none might overtake him.

But the family needed more elbow-room than in the early days, and it was necessary to make the Wayside bigger. My father had long contemplated these additions; and he now called the village carpenters into consultation; and after much debate, Mr. Wetherbee and Mr. Watts submitted their plans. They thought that the requisite enlargement could be done for about five hundred dollars. Upon this basis they set to work and labored with more or less diligence for a year or thereabouts, and the bill gradually and inevitably grew until at the end it amounted to thrice the sum originally named. My father watched the operations with his hands folded behind him and his soft felt hat pulled down on his forehead; or he ascended the hill, to escape the hammering and sawing; but during that year there could be no studious repose for him in which to evolve literary imaginings. A room was added over the library; another in the rear of the dining-room; another above that, and above that still one more, the three constituting the tower, and the top room being my father's study. Besides these a large room was placed over the kitchen, with its outlook on the terraces of the hill; it had an arched roof, devised to please my mother; and the walls were painted with a color which the painter described as "a kind

of blue pink." Ornamental eaves and gables were added here and there; in the place of the main entrance, which had been under the gable in the centre of the house-front, a bow window was devised; and the entrance was put to the west, and covered with a pretty gabled porch. To me and to my younger sister the racket, the clutter, and the construction were delightful, a continuous vaudeville; and my mother was always an interested and hopeful spectator and counsellor; but my father's bearing denoted humorous resignation oftener than any other emotion. He attempted no writing; but in the evenings, after the uproar was done for the day, we would gather in the library, and he would read aloud to us; the greater part of that year was occupied with the *Waverley* novels, taken up one after another from beginning to end of the series. I cannot overestimate either the enjoyment or the profit that I got from those readings. My sisters sat large-eyed and rapt; my mother sewed and listened with that sympathy and apprehension which made her face always beautiful. I doubt not that the reader, too, was happy in these evenings. The tall astral lamp gave out its soft light, which glistened on the backs of the books in the surrounding bookcases; outdoors there was peace, save for the song of insects in summer, and in winter the cracklings of the frost. The two splendid hours over, I would go to bed, with a heart and mind full of adventure, chivalry, and romance.

Before the building was done another and deeper kind of disturbance came to keep my father from his work. The first great breakers of our national storm had been rolling in heavily upon the shore, and the ills which they foreboded robbed him of tranquillity. It was in vain that he placed the period of his "*Romance of Immortality*" a century ago; the guns of Sumter and of Bull Run sounded in his ears none the less distinct for the imaginative remoteness in which he strove to seclude himself. And then, unexpectedly, and with what seemed some abruptness, his health and strength

began to fail. He lost weight, his cheeks grew hollow, his hair whitened, his once firm and elastic step grew slow and uncertain. He still climbed his hill, though slowly, and paced to and fro on its summit, or sat for long periods gazing out over the meadows, or listening to the music of the pines. He would also shut himself up in his tower-study for hours each day, and the manuscripts he left behind him showed that he worked hard; his general mood in quiescence became grave, though in family intercourse he still maintained the playfulness and humor that had always marked him in my knowledge. He possibly realized better than any of us what his illness portended. "There was nothing the matter" with him; and that indefiniteness of ailment was the serious feature. He was approaching the end, and was silently adjusting himself to the prospect of death, while his mind was consciously richer both in the acquisitions of experience and in the treasures of wisdom than ever before, and when he feared that the wife and children whom he loved would be left inadequately provided for. My father was a wise man,—too wise to delude himself into accepting as true happiness the spiritual self-mutilation of the ascetic or self-denier; happiness, to him, meant the full freedom and energy of every faculty, employed on a stage unimpeded by unfavorable conditions either public or private. There had never been and there could never be such happiness for him in this world. He had deep and reverent religious faith, though of what precise purport I am unable to say. But when a man of great soul finds himself face to face with the end of all things earthly, he must admit that he knows nothing, and that the unsearchable ways of the Almighty may prove widely divergent from those which theory and hope have forecast. Dramatic natures, fanatics and enthusiasts, the dull and the defiant, may meet death with indifference, or with a smile or a scoff; but a man of sincerity so organic as my father could not resort to these subterfuges. He went on his way, not complainingly or grudgingly,

not fearfully or fantastically, but with a grave simplicity that was impressive. In this, as in all his other manifestations, he showed courage and self-respect and a noble modesty. He had been a happy man, as this world goes; yet when at the close of his career he glanced back over its former stages, he was unable, as he wrote to Stoddard, to recall a moment when he would have commanded the fatal joy-bell of King Felix to be rung. Happiness would be a foolish word did we not believe that a life is to come in which the word will represent a reality and not a dream.

He took a cordial interest in his son's college experiment; and I have always been glad that he did not witness its somewhat unstimulating termination. When anxiety as to his physical condition increased, he submitted to expedients devised to restore his vigor; he made occasional visits to Boston, chatting in the old Corner Bookstore, or dining with Fields and his wife, whose hospitality and good humor refreshed him. Later he undertook little journeys away from home; to Washington and the seat of war, or, with his son, to some nearby seaside place; but he did this to please others, not with the hope in himself of any lasting benefit. In the last but one of these trips, the sudden death of Ticknor, his companion, had a disastrous effect upon him. I remember the description my mother gave of his dismayed and anguished appearance. After some weeks he was induced to make another trial of change of scene with Franklin Pierce; and I need not recount the last days, which are well-known. The news came to me, in Harvard, in the forenoon of the 19th of May; I went to speak with Professor Gurney, who had been my especial friend and counsellor in college; and he said: "It is only a few months since Thackeray, one of the best men in England, died; and now we have lost by far the best man in America." It was beautiful spring weather; but the sunlight, and the blue, and the green looked strange, like a phantasmagory thrown upon the dark.

It was during these last Concord years that I had begun to form relations with my father beyond the instinctive, unreasoning affection of childhood. He had begun to speak with me of other than childish things. He encouraged me to enter into the society of the young folks in Concord,—the dances and picnics and masqued balls and rowing and bathing parties; he got me good clothes to wear, and quietly stimulated my rather lagging interest in the social amenities of my companions. No doubt he was contemplating the future of us all with some solicitude. But I think he especially desired to steer me away from the lonely experiences of his own young manhood; and, as I have said before, he explicitly advised me against adopting the literary calling. I can hardly infer that, modest as was his estimate of his own literary achievements, he actually regretted having devoted himself to writing; but it may be that he believed it would have been better for him and his had he more cultivated intercourse with his fellow-creatures, at the age when such intercourse affects a man. He did not wish "the cursed habit of solitude" to hamper his descendant. Not only in this, but in many other ways, did his loving and wise forethought seek to guard and make easy the path of his children in the world; much of this care we did not recognize till afterward. Certainly there was no duty of husband and

father that he did not fulfil, giving good measure, pressed down and running over, and yet giving it so unobtrusively and naturally as to make it appear, if possible, a mere matter of course and of routine. But, in truth, it was the love that went with the gift that with its lovely splendor dazzled out of sight all thought or consciousness of duty; and made the memory of the husband and father a more precious heritage and protector than his own wise counsel, even, could be. Forty years' contemplation of what he was has served to render him only brighter and loftier in my memory. I have known many good men since he died, and not a few men of genius; but my father's figure still stands high and apart. The world regards him as one of the great lights of American literature; a handful of surviving friends remember him as a man distinguished in their love and honor; but in my thought of him he has a quality not to be described; that is associated with the early impressions which make the name of home beautiful; with a child's delight in the glory of nature; with a boy's aspirations toward a pure and generous career; with intimate conceptions of truth, bravery, and simplicity. He did not speak much; but his presence was the finest conversation; and the few words that he uttered came pointed with a meaning and aimed with a relevance that have held them in my mind after more than half a lifetime.

Hawthorne's America Fifty Years After

By HERBERT W. HORWILL

IN July, 1853, Nathaniel Hawthorne sailed from America to take up the post of United States Consul at Liverpool, an office which he held until the beginning of 1858. His impressions of English life were published in "*Our Old Home*" and "*English Note-Books*." Each of these publications is full of acute observation and shrewd comment, but the former has by far the

greater literary merit and reveals more frequently the delicate humor characteristic of the author. Its reception in this country was prejudiced by its dedication to Franklin Pierce, as a result of which "my friends," wrote Hawthorne, "have dropped off from me like autumn leaves."

It is not likely that either of these books has many readers to-day. Quite

The Critic

recently I took them out from a New England public library, and discovered from unmistakable internal evidence that I was the first reader of these particular copies. Certainly they do not make such a popular appeal as the sensationalism of Dickens's descriptions of America or the brilliant generalizations of Emerson's "English Traits," and we may be sure that not more than one person has read them for ten who are familiar with "The Scarlet Letter." And in spite of their many excellent qualities they could scarcely be commended as authoritative guide-books to travellers of the present day, for the last half-century has wrought many changes in the places and institutions with which they are concerned.

But it is not on one side of the Atlantic only that transformations have been brought about, and one of the most interesting features of these books to the modern reader is their implied suggestion, in almost every chapter, of the difference between the America of the twentieth century and that of the middle nineteenth. Again and again Hawthorne compares what he sees in England with what he has seen, or has not seen, at home, and these comparisons throw into strong relief the social and other conditions of his period. It is almost startling to realize how pointless some of his contrasts would seem to-day.

Evidently the gap between rich and poor was by no means as strongly marked then as now. To Hawthorne the existence in England of extreme wealth and poverty side by side comes as a painful discovery. He is greatly shocked, for instance, by the difference between two marriage ceremonies on different occasions at the same church. At Easter several ill-dressed, poverty-stricken couples are married in one service, because during that festival no fees are demanded by the clergyman; on another day there is an aristocratic wedding of a bride and bridegroom who are about to live on their abundance in a stately and delightful home, whose comforts and beauties are described at length. Hawthorne con-

fesses himself "deeply impressed" by these spectacles, and asks whether the system is not wrong that gives one married pair so immense a superfluity of luxurious home and shuts out a million others from any home whatever. He declares that "one day or another, safe as they deem themselves and safe as the hereditary temper of the people really tends to make them, the gentlemen of England will be compelled to face this question." It would be interesting to speculate what Hawthorne's impressions would have been if he had attended some recent weddings in New York.

It appears from several other passages that some of the most difficult problems of every large American city of our time had not yet presented themselves when Hawthorne left home. He is struck with astonishment by slums whether at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, or London. He speaks of the dirt of a poverty-stricken English street as "a monstrosity unknown on our side of the Atlantic." Equally novel to him is the exploration of districts where the people "consider the sidewalks and the middle of the street as their common hall." He is not surprised, however, at this tendency to publicity when he observes the "stifled and squalid rooms where they lie down at night." He is particularly distressed by the swarming child-life in these neighborhoods.

The vast immigration of the last half-century, which is largely responsible for the introduction into this country of the conditions just described, probably accounts for another change also. Hawthorne is greatly entertained by the sight of "small trade carried on in the open air." He finds exposed for sale in the street such miscellaneous articles as combs, cheap crockery, apples, herrings, and coal. Some of the stalls are kept by women. "We have nothing similar to these street-women in our own country," he remarks, and it may be inferred from the general manner of his description that the practice of street-marketing in general was quite outside his previous experience. Yet it was recently estimated

that in New York City alone there are from four hundred thousand to five hundred thousand people whose daily needs are supplied mainly by the pushcart.

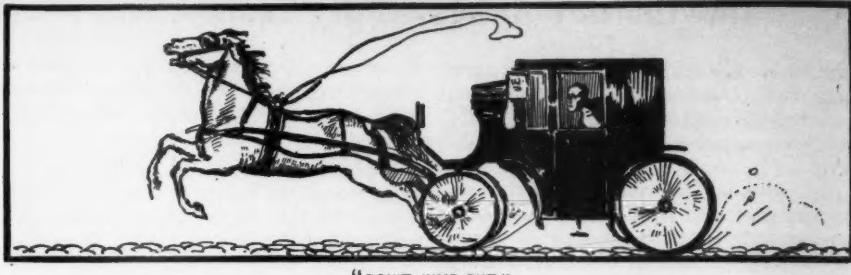
But what of American national characteristics, as distinct from material conditions? Does a reading of Hawthorne's English impressions indicate any variations here? It might reasonably be inferred from what he tells us that the American patriotism of to-day is considerably more vociferous than that of half a century ago. At one time, at least, during Hawthorne's consulate, England was in a fit of panic excitement concerning foreign affairs. This fit was "more sudden, pervasive, and unreasoning than any similar mood of our own public." And the commentator adds: "In truth I have never seen the American public in a state at all similar, and believe that we are incapable of it. Our excitements are not impulsive, like theirs, but, right or wrong, are moral and intellectual." He illustrates his point by the behavior of the North in the Civil War—for the book was actually written a few years after the observations on which it was based. "We were cool then, and have been cool ever since, and shall remain cool to the end." But there has been another war since the Civil War, and an accurate thermometer applied to the temperature of the crowd in Broadway after Dewey's victory would have shown readings considerably above freezing-point. In another passage Hawthorne compares the attachment to national institutions in the case of English and Americans. When the toast of "The Queen" was given at a civic banquet and the band struck up the national anthem,

it was the first time in my life that I had ever seen a body of men, or even a single man, under the active influence of the sentiment of Loyalty; for, though we call ourselves loyal to our country and institutions, and prove it by our readiness to shed blood and sacrifice life in their behalf, still the principle is as cold and hard, in an American

bosom, as the steel spring that puts in motion a powerful machinery. In the Englishman's system, a force similar to that of our steel spring is generated by the warm throbbings of human hearts.

To whatever causes the change may be due, there can be little doubt that the simile of the steel spring would be quite inappropriate to-day. The spirit of national devotion has become more ardent and more vocal. The personality of the President may not awaken as lively an enthusiasm here as that of the monarch there, but there is little to choose between the two countries as to vehement admiration of the outward and visible signs of their respective institutions. If anything, the Star-Spangled Banner is waved even more ostentatiously than the Union Jack.

There are several minor points with regard to which Hawthorne's comments set one thinking. It would hardly be possible to say to-day that there is less formality in English law-courts than in American. Nor are public and semi-public dinners any longer a particularly English institution, requiring to be explained to a visitor from the United States. Again, foreign travel is not necessary in these days to make an American acquainted with the practice of giving tips. And those who are interested in such studies will find in these books material for discussing whether the actual physical type of the American has not been considerably modified since the time at which Hawthorne wrote. But the most fruitful line of investigation is that outlined in the earlier sections of this article. It suggests a type of inquiry that might be profitable to those scholars who are busy upon researches into the sociological history of the American people. There were many besides Hawthorne who published in books and magazines their impressions of the social life of the Old World in earlier generations, and these records would doubtless be a valuable, though unintentional, contribution to our knowledge of the conditions they left behind them at home.



"DON'T JUMP OUT"



Our Best Society

IV

As we were about to make our way to the heavy door leading to the back of the stage, a young man in evening-dress approached Mrs. Smith. "Miss Valentine would like to have you come behind," he said with a deference that had in it something almost servile.

Mrs. Smith offered him her hand. "You're Mr. Sampson, I suppose," she remarked easily. "I've heard Miss Valentine speak of you. She says you're the most wonderful exploiter in the theatrical business."

The young fellow flushed and, without replying, walked forward. He acted as if he held us all in awe.

Mrs. Eustace turned to me, with a quick glance at the little woman. "Is n't she a marvel? She's as much at home here as she would be in her own drawing-room. She can talk theatrical slang as well as any actor."

We found Miss Valentine standing at the back of the stage, surrounded with women and men, in wraps and overcoats. I was astonished to see that her face, which across the footlights, looked so fresh and natural, was fairly plastered with make-up. On her eyelashes, the black stuff hung in little lumps.

At sight of Mrs. Smith, Miss Valentine waved her hand and darted forward. "Oh, when I saw you in that box," she said, with a husky gasp, "I

nearly fainted away. What did you come for?"

"Merely from a philanthropic interest," Mrs. Smith replied serenely; "not in the least because I thought I should be amused."

"Is n't she dreadful?" said Miss Valentine with a deep gurgling laugh, as she turned to speak to Mrs. Van Zandt. When Alice and I had been presented, she exclaimed:

"So you are the man who wrote 'Francesca Bayne.' I just love that story. And there's a play in it, too —only you want to change the ending. It's too gloomy as it stands."

"My dear child, Francesca would suit you down to the ground," said Mrs. Eustace, and, while I glowed with appreciation of her kindness, I had an intuitive feeling that this generous woman was fibbing for me.

"How did you like this little play?" Miss Valentine asked, holding her head high and with the air of making a challenge.

"I thought there were some very interesting things in it," I evasively replied, and the actress smiled knowingly.

"My dear," said Mrs. Smith, "if they try to drag you over the country in this dreadful melodrama, I'd rebel, I positively would."

Miss Valentine burst out laughing. "You'd imagine I was a really great actress from the way Mrs. Smith talks.

She thinks no play is good enough for me."

"But do you really suppose the public will endure such rubbish?" Mrs. Smith asked, her eyes darting from one face to another.

"Caroline, you are dreadful," said Mrs. Eustace complacently.

"Well, I speak my mind. What else can one be expected to do?"

"Don't let them depress you," said Mrs. Van Zandt with her infantile sweetness, and Van Zandt nodded approvingly and exclaimed: "It's all right, Lily. You're going to make a pile of money."

Mrs. Smith rested her hand familiarly on my arm. "Well, all that I can say is that if this young man here can write a nice wholesome play for you, you'd better get him to do it. Your story is wholesome, is n't it?" Mrs. Smith asked, turning to me.

"Oh, it's perfectly beautiful!" Mrs. Eustace exclaimed, with a smiling glance in my direction, which at once proved to me that she had never read the book.

"I shall have to read it," said Mrs. Smith with a deep sigh, as if a new burden had been added to life. "What a responsibility it is to meet these budding authors!"

Mrs. Van Zandt seized the girl by the hand. "Now, you're coming out to supper with us, are n't you?"

"I've refused three invitations already," the actress whispered, with a covert nod toward the group waiting for a word with her. "I wonder if I'd better. I'm afraid the girls will sit up for me."

"Oh the girls won't mind, I'm sure," Mrs. Van Zandt urged.

"Very well, I will," Miss Valentine assented. Then she darted back to her other callers.

I turned to Mrs. Van Zandt. "Who are the girls?" I asked.

"Oh, some actresses Lily lives with in Thirty-sixth Street. They are old friends of hers. It's so nice of her to keep on with them."

"After getting so far ahead of them," I ventured, and Mrs. Van Zandt nodded. "Success usually causes such

separations, does n't it?" she remarked, more epigrammatically than was her wont.

At that moment, Miss Valentine suddenly returned to us. She seemed to do everything by flashes. "You must n't wait for me here," she said. "I have a much better scheme. Now where are we going to eat?"

"I guess the Holland House would be about right," Van Zandt replied.

"Then you people go down there and I'll follow in my cab as soon as I'm dressed."

"Alone?" Mrs. Van Zandt asked, with a little gasp that made the actress smile.

"Of course. Why not? You don't want me to bring poor Ernestine, do you? She's tired out already."

"What will you do with her?" Mrs. Van Zandt's inquiry was plainly inspired, less from consideration for the French maid, than from curiosity with regard to the ways of theatrical life.

"Oh, Ernestine will go home in the street-car," Miss Valentine replied.

"Now, my dear child," Mrs. Smith interposed, "you are not to go gallivanting around New York alone like that. Some one must stay here and take you down. Fancy your going into a hotel alone at this hour of the night!"

I was about to offer myself as escort, but something in the air constrained me. I suddenly realized that, according to Mrs. Wainwright Smith's code, it would be almost as scandalous for me to accompany Miss Valentine in the cab as for the actress to go alone. While I was taking credit to myself for the worldly shrewdness of my reasoning, to my astonishment I heard Miss Valentine say:

"Well, then, let Mr. Foster wait and take me down."

I bowed low, not daring to look at Alice. "I should be delighted!" I exclaimed.

Mrs. Smith looked amused, and Mrs. Van Zandt seemed distressed; but Mrs. Eustace was positively radiant.

"Let us go," Mrs. Eustace urged. "I'm sure we're in the way here."

Alice walked into the wings with

Cosgrave, and disappeared from my sight without giving me a glance. She acted as if she were unconscious of my existence. When the others had disappeared, Miss Valentine turned to me again.

"Now I know you are bored to death. You don't want to go out to supper any more than I do."

"I confess I feel rather at sea," I replied, feeling my face grow hot. "It was all so—so unexpected," I added, lying, as I often do in embarrassment.

"Well, those people must be humored, I suppose," she remarked. Then she waved her hand toward a young man in a long coat, who had just appeared in the wings.

"There's the great author. Come up and meet another great author," she called out. As Walter Hart approached, the actress went on: "But perhaps you are acquainted already."

We looked at each other and smiled, nodding our heads. When we had been introduced, the playwright pressed his face wearily with both hands:

"Well, Lily, I believe we've landed," he said.

"Did you have any doubt about it?" she asked, with a pretence of indignation.

"Oh, I knew that *you* would land. How could you help it—with a whole houseful of friends?" Walter Hart leaned toward me confidentially. "Lily's the smoothest worker on the stage. She knows how to get all the rich people in New York to come to see her. Then, of course, all the rest of the world has to come, too."

"Well, I don't propose to stand here and let you talk about me like that!" Miss Valentine exclaimed, going back to her group. It occurred to me that those people must be very patient to let her treat them so cavalierly. I heard her explain to them that she positively must go and dress, and I saw her run up the corridor to her dressing-room. Walter Hart watched her with an amused interest.

"She's a good sort, is n't she? She's absolutely unspoiled, that is, so far. There's no knowing when they'll get

the big head. She may wake up with it to-morrow. I've seen it grow in a night." He drew out a silver cigarette-case and held it toward me. "It's against the rules," he said, glancing swiftly over the stage, "but everything goes to-night." He buttoned his long coat closely around him. "Belong to the Actors' Club?" he asked absently.

I shook my head. Walter Hart's casual manner made it hard for me to talk.

The playwright gazed fondly at his burning cigarette. I saw that he was using what Alice calls an "acquired manner." I suspected that he was naturally a voluble man; but, with success, he had acquired an impressive air of reserve, easily assumed and easily discarded.

"I read a little story of yours the other day," he said thoughtfully. "It seemed to me very pretty."

"Which story was that?" I asked, as if I had a long list to my credit. I noticed that, in spite of myself, I was imitating his manner. I knew, of course, that he meant the last book I had published. Already the others had passed into the peace of death.

"The one with that girl in it,—Francesca Something—Bayne, that's it. Bad name!" he said, with an unpleasant expression of the lips as if tasting it.

I nodded gravely. "It's not a very good name," I acknowledged.

"I suppose you know there's a play in that story," he went on. "Only I'm afraid it would be too good for 'em." He changed his position impatiently. "That's the worst of working for American audiences. You can't do your best. Now, in England, a man like Pinero can put a whole year on a play and turn out something fine, like 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray'—something that will last."

Hart shrugged his shoulders. "The best we can do, after we've caught on, is to turn out stuff as fast as we can and make hay while the sun shines."

I smiled, but, conscious of the inferiority of position in which his manner still kept me, I said nothing. I realized that speech would put me at a

further disadvantage. Besides, I saw that Hart would not be interested in anything I might say; he wished to talk himself, and in me he found a suitable auditor, one who would get most of his points.

"In England, too, they have a good many advantages over us. When a fellow once catches on with a book or a play over there, he is sure of two markets, his own and the American market. But when we catch on over here, the English have no use for us."

"But some of our novelists have been catching on over there," I ventured to say.

Hart twisted on his heels, with a curiously effeminate impatience. Then, keeping his hands in his pockets, he began to sway backward and forward. "Oh, yes. But what does it amount to? The English like Mark Twain and Bret Harte; but they only take the most transient and supercilious interest in the rest of us." He stretched out his hands despairingly. "They won't have anything to do with *me*. I've had a half-dozen things done over there and they've all been failures. However—" Here the dramatist re-assumed his air of Napoleonic reserve. For a long time he did not speak. "Still," he went on finally, "it's a great game, and there's money in it while they stand for you. Only there's no knowing when they'll throw you down."

"You certainly have no reason to despair," I said with a laugh, realizing that he was making me appear at my worst and hating him for it. In my inner consciousness, I was wondering why successful people often have such a depressing effect on others.

"Oh, no," he said carelessly. "Some day, when I've made a good big stake, I'm going to shut myself up in some little place in Switzerland for a year and I'm going to try to write one really fine play. I shall forget all about the actresses and the authors and the charming people, like the people you are with to-night," he went on contemptuously. "I shall please myself, and," he drew a deep breath, "I sup-

pose I shall have my labor for my pains."

As he spoke the curtain had risen slowly, revealing the dark auditorium. He turned away, as if the sight of those empty seats depressed him. "There's something awful about a theatre," he said. "I love it when it's packed with people. Then it's brilliant, inspiring. But even then I can't help thinking: 'Well, in a short time, these people will all be dispersed, and darkness and loneliness will take their place.'" He shivered, a little too obviously, I thought. "Don't you hate to be alone?" he asked suddenly. "I like to have people about me all the time, and I like color and noise. I believe I could do my best work in a great factory with the sound of hammers ringing in my ears."

In spite of myself, I followed him into the wings. His talk had for me a powerful fascination. Perhaps, too, it appealed to my sense of curiosity, associated in some way with mystery. Why should this extremely casual fellow, this light-and-airy fashion-plate,—why should he be able to write plays that drew thousands of people to the theatre every night?

"You must come and see me sometime," he said carelessly, and with an obliviousness of Alice that, for a moment or two made me feel like a bachelor. "Come up and take a meal with me. I'm always at home."

I saved my self-respect by merely nodding. I should have hated myself if I had told him to come to see *us*. He seemed not to notice the indifference which I had tried so hard to emphasize; he merely looked vaguely across the stage and remarked: "Oh, here's Lily." He smiled, waiting for the girl to come up. "Lily, I know where you learned to act. You've been a lightning-change artist in the old variety theatres."

Miss Valentine was emphatically drawing on her gloves. She dropped a little courtesy. "Dear master," she said, giving Hart a demure look, "all I know about any art, I have learned from you."

Hart glanced from the actress to me.

"Is n't it too bad that she can't do things like that when there's an audience out there!" He sighed with despair. "O Lily! if you were n't so self-conscious you'd be a great woman some day."

"He likes to do that. He's always acting," said Miss Valentine carelessly.

Walter Hart threw out one arm and gazed into the flies, "Ah, my dear, I might have made a great tragedian if I'd had a little less sense." His voice dropped into a conversational tone. "Really I was a very fine actor once, or rather, actress. I used to play the leading-lady's *rôles* in our dramatic club at college."

"Could n't you tell it from the women he puts into his plays?" Miss Valentine exclaimed.

She buttoned the last button of her glove, and she slapped her hands against her long automobile coat. "There!" She kept her eyes fixed on the dramatist. For a moment I felt as if I were not present, or, rather, as if I were unable to make my presence felt.

"Don't you want to come with us, Wallie?"

"To sup with those charming people?" Hart waved his hand and started up the wings. "I always charge for entertaining society," he exclaimed, drawing up the tails of his overcoat and piroetting. "Two dollars a seat!" At the door his voice assumed a tone of severity: "Lily, you ought to go home and go to bed. It's ridiculous, your sitting up till three o'clock in the morning!"

"I don't believe you're going home yourself," she retorted.

"Of course I'm not. There are some fellows waiting for me at the club. They're giving me a supper. But, you see, I ain't no lady. Remember, Lily, now that you're so successful, you're a lady."

"Run away," said Miss Valentine, with a wave of her hand.

Hart nodded toward a low white automobile that was puffing discontentedly at the curb-stone. The motor-man touched his cap. "Shall I take you down?"

Miss Valentine shook her head. "I

prefer my modest cab. Once a lady, always cautious."

"Well, good-night, dear Lily," Hart said, extending his hand and bending toward the girl.

She allowed him to press the tips of her fingers. "Now don't you dare kiss it," she said.

He turned away, forgetting me, and I helped Miss Valentine into the cab. A moment later, we heard Hart sputtering down the street.

"He's a dear thing, Walter Hart," said Miss Valentine, sinking into a corner. "Only I wish he would n't act all the time. It reminds me too much of work."

Our cab had turned into Broadway, and through the open windows, letting in the warm October air, we could see the crowds in the street and the flaming lights of the restaurants. The theatres were all closed and their brilliancy was dimmed. Miss Valentine watched the spectacle with shining eyes; but she was plainly too tired to speak. Perhaps it was my imagination that made me think the sight of the night life in New York was hateful to her, and that, somehow, her apparently inexhaustible vitality had been assumed.

Just as I was deciding not to talk to Miss Valentine, but to let her have a few minutes of rest before beginning the business of society again, I was suddenly plunged forward and I found myself scrambling on the floor of the cab.

I realized vaguely that my companion had been hurled forward, too, and that the cab was trembling, as if shaken with electricity. Indistinctly, and as if from afar, I heard the shouts of men, with the thin, shrill cries of women intermingled. Then the cab dashed down Broadway and I knew by some process of reasoning that the driver had been hurled from his box. Our horse plunged wildly between cable-cars and cabs and automobiles. I tried to seize Miss Valentine, less, I acknowledge, for the purpose of helping her than of steadyng myself, and for a few moments we kept clutching at each other and bumping together. The lights in the streets flashed past us



"AH, MY DEAR, I MIGHT HAVE MADE A GREAT TRAGEDIAN!"

and I was conscious of a deep resentment against those people who, by their frantic waving of arms and by their outcries, were further inflaming our horse. As I thought of the chaos in Herald Square and dreaded what would happen when we reached Thirty-fourth Street, the rocking of the cab ceased, and, for a brief interval, we bowled along quite smoothly. Miss Valentine and I scrambled to the seat and we gasped for breath.

"The horse is running away," Miss Valentine exclaimed, and, on receiving this information, I had a wild impulse to laugh. I am thankful to say that I did not laugh. Instead, I exclaimed:

"Don't jump out under any consideration."

She turned her big brown eyes toward me in apparent reproach for my stupidity in suggesting the idea. Her eyes seemed to cover one half of her face.

At Herald Square it became plain that our arrival had been anticipated and we dashed past Thirty-fourth Street without meeting an obstruction. Then the horse grew wild again, and our career between Thirtieth Street and Twenty-third was so frantically zig-zag that, to this day, it makes me dizzy to think of it. Without looking at Miss Valentine, I knew that her face was white and that her lips were tightly pressed together. Again that horrible impulse to laugh seized me. It was accompanied by a powerful desire to talk, to yell; but, while the cab kept rocking and whirling, I could think of nothing to say. And yet I kept thinking with a rapidity never before known to my brain. I assured myself that if I could only record my thoughts in some way as they flashed through my consciousness, they would make quite a bulky pile of type-written sheets and that it would be interesting to read them. I pictured myself as reading them aloud to Alice. They would show that I had a remarkably original and fertile mind.

As we neared Madison Square one thought kept repeating itself among the other thoughts. It was like a puzzle: On reaching Madison Square would that horse have sense enough to

turn into Fifth Avenue, where it would have a comparatively free course, on smooth asphalt, or would he prefer Broadway, with its long chain of cable-cars, its cobble-stones, and its tracks? In my imagination, I kept seeing a cab, wildly curving again and again from the edges of the tracks.

All the inanimate things that we passed, the big buildings, the sidewalks, the electric-light poles, seemed to have taken on life. They moved with a monstrous and demon-like agility; the electric-light poles possessed a fantastic humor. With an anxiety that related itself to a sickly feeling in the region of the heart, I watched for the approach of Madison Square. As the Hoffman House was about to whirl past us, it suddenly reeled back; then it leaped up and down in the air, and disappeared in a blackness that quickly became luminous with stars. The door of the cab opened; a crowd of faces peered at the doors; several arms and hands were stretched toward us, and drew out a limp figure which was strangely unlike Miss Valentine. A moment later I was standing on the sidewalk, feeling as if I had just stepped off a pair of skates, wondering why the earth made my feet feel so queer, and recalling the inquisitive and amused face of my dentist at home, surrounded with white smoke.

"Well, you had a pretty narrow escape, sir."

Then I partly regained my balance. A group of men were helping Miss Valentine across the street to a drug-store. I had what I can only describe as the ghost of an impulse to follow her; but it faded away. Never had I felt less impulsive. A woman's pitying face roused me to make an effort to walk. But I could only move unsteadily. Some one took me gently by the arm.

"Why, it's Mr. Foster!"

I looked at the speaker. His appearance seemed familiar. The voice, too, I vaguely recognized. "Oh!" I said mechanically. I knew I had seen him somewhere. Then I laughed, not hysterically, but weakly, foolishly, forlornly. I was bitterly deploring my failure to play a noble part, to fulfil the

popular ideal of a man. At that moment I was not a man; I was a bundle of distracted nerves. I secretly assured myself that it would be a great comfort to cry for a long time, but I must hide that weakness from all the world, for a moment, at any rate. Some day, when I was healthy and strong, perhaps I could tell of it for the sake of the fine contrast. Or I might make some superior man in one of my stories feel exactly as I did. Oh, if I could only keep my mind from working so hard! Really, I had it on the run.

"You'd better let me help you across the street, Mr. Foster," said the man with the curiously familiar and yet unfamiliar voice.

I wondered why he was so respectful. Then I remembered where I had seen him. He had once come to interview me. He was a reporter. I don't know why this realization should have been followed by an impulse that made me turn to the cab and say: "Is the horse hurt?"

"Oh, no. He's all right. They'll take care of him. The driver's probably chasing down Broadway now."

"Oh!" I said, "the driver." I noticed how gentle my voice was. If Alice could hear me, she would burst into tears. I felt myself to be a singularly pathetic figure. And yet an uneasy suspicion came to me that there was something wrong with my crush-hat. It clung irresolutely to my right eyebrow; but my arms were too heavy to straighten it out.

"A glass of whiskey will make you feel all right, Mr. Foster."

A strange irritability took possession of me because this man kept calling me Mr. Foster. If Alice had been present I should have complained to her. And then, I didn't like the way the fellow was holding my arm. He was wrenching it out of its socket. If I should

"That's right. Drink it down without stopping."

I gulped several times, with painful regularity, and a warmth, oh, how pleasant, slowly spread itself through my body. Miss Valentine, far away, came nearer. She was like a figure in

the cinematograph. Bump! There she was.

"Well, you came mighty near!" she said cheerfully.

"Near what?" I asked.

"Near fainting!"

"Did you faint?" I whispered, and I listened for the answer as if my fate depended on it.

"Of course, I did. But I always come to in a jiffy."

"Oh, if *you* fainted," I remarked in a tone of concession. How white and glittering that drug-store was! All marble and electric light. And then, of a sudden, with the force of a blow, I recalled that they were waiting for us in the Holland House.

"What will they think?" I said. "They'll be scared to death. Do you suppose they have been waiting all this time?"

Miss Valentine looked alarmed. She gazed at me as one does at an insane man. Then I realized that in the past few moments I had not lived nearly so long as I supposed. It seemed a life-time since Alice left me at the theatre.

"If you will re-arrange your hat, you won't look quite so dissipated, Mr. Foster," said Miss Valentine, smiling first at the people who had followed us into the place and then at me. I glanced at a mirror and I was startled by the image I saw there, a cadaverous, white-faced young man, unable to hold himself up straight, and evidently having trouble to balance his crush-hat on his head. I re-adjusted the hat and I stood up straight.

"I guess he's all right now, Miss Valentine," I heard that familiar voice say, and, on turning around, I found my reporter-friend at my elbow.

"Oh, you know, you know—" I stammered, looking at Miss Valentine, and she nodded cheerfully. It was wonderful how the color had come back to her cheeks. She seemed unruffled.

The reporter turned to a young man who had just entered and they whispered together. "The driver is all right," he explained. "He was just shaken up a bit. Some people who saw him fall followed you in an

automobile, and you need n't worry about the cab," he added, smiling. "The policeman will hold the horse till the driver comes down."

I don't know why these words should have made me feel ignoble, but they did.

Miss Valentine glanced apprehensively at the crowd. "Won't it be awful, having to face those people? But we've got to get to the Holland House."

She suddenly faced the reporter and pressed her hand against her mouth. "But you won't say anything about that, will you, Mr. Leonard? We're taking supper with some people—just some friends of ours, you know."

Leonard smiled. "All right, Miss Valentine," he said, as if granting her a favor.

I started toward the door, but, just as I was about to turn to thank the reporter, Miss Valentine exclaimed: "We must n't forget to pay our little bill. Are n't we ungrateful?"

I turned, feeling like an idiot, and a moment later, we escaped by the door leading to Fifth Avenue. A hansom cab slowly approached us, the whip of the driver trailing in the air. The sight of it made Miss Valentine shiver. "Ugh!" she said, letting her hand rest on my arm. "No more cabs for me to-night. I believe I shall have to walk home. Just look around and see if any one is following us. See those people turning. Perhaps we'd better not go straight to the hotel. Let us walk up to Twenty-sixth Street and then turn down toward Fourth Avenue. The air will do me good. I feel just a little,—well, just a little wobbly, and I sha'n't dare to face all those smart people till I brace up a bit." She gave my arm a little squeeze. "I'm so glad you are n't a society person," she concluded, with a deep sigh.

When we had walked half-way down the block toward Madison Square, Miss Valentine began to tremble. "Now, don't be frightened. It is n't anything," she assured me. "I'm often like this before I go on the stage. You see, the first night and all this excitement. Now let's walk a little more

slowly. Have we really escaped the crowd? Oh, how good! I was afraid some of them might follow."

We kept straight on, and by the time we reached Lexington Avenue she had stopped trembling. "Perhaps it will be safe to face society now," she said. "I do hope that reporter-man won't say anything about the Holland House. It will be such a bore to drag in the Van Zandts and the others. Not that they'll mind so much. They're used to being in the newspapers. But oh, this is one of the horrid things about the theatrical business."

"I suppose we are really lucky to have escaped," I said, rather priggishly, I admit.

"I had n't thought about that," she went on, with an ingenuousness that made me realize how young she was. Then she smiled faintly. "Would n't it have been terrible if the rising young author had been killed! And with an actress! How romantic! And what a scandal! What would Mrs. Foster say?"

I was tempted to reply, "She'd say it served me right," but, instead, I remarked, "Mrs. Foster takes a sensible view of everything."

"Ah!" For several moments Miss Valentine was silent.

"Does she help you with your writing?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, I read everything to her. She criticizes the characters and their clothes and—"

"Does n't she ever get jealous of the women?"

"The women in my stories?" I asked, in astonishment.

Miss Valentine nodded.

"Never. Why should she?"

"I can't think of anything that would be more natural," the actress replied.

Then I became fatuous. "You don't know Mrs. Foster," I said.

"I know that she's a woman," she replied serenely. "And you can't make all your lovely heroines like her."

"No," I acknowledged. "That would grow monotonous—for the reader."

"It's different with painters, is n't it?" she went on reflectively. "Some

of them are always putting their wives into pictures. What does your wife say when you describe an ideal woman that does n't resemble her in the least? Does n't she want to know where you found your model?"

"I don't draw any ideal women," I replied. "I don't believe there are any."

"Oh!" Miss Valentine exclaimed, pretending to be shocked.

"You ought to have allowed me to finish. Real women are much more attractive."

She nodded her head knowingly. "I shall have to talk about that with your wife," she said.

As we approached the Holland House, I noticed that it was half-past twelve. Again I had a sense of incredibility and a realization of the purely relative existence of time. It seemed as if Alice could not possibly be at the hotel. This thought warned me not to betray agitation on seeing her. Miss Valentine must have been going through a somewhat similar process in her mind, for she said:

"I suppose we must tell them."

I smiled faintly. "I'll let you break the news."

Miss Valentine drew her lips together. "I think I'll wait till I've had something to eat." She looked at me sharply. "Well, you're presentable enough. How about me?"

I assured her that it was wonderful, the way she had regained her composure, and we walked boldly into the dining-room. We found our friends at one of the big tables.

"Well, you got down here pretty quickly!" Mrs. Smith exclaimed.

Alice, seated beside Cosgrave and Monty, fixed her eyes on the actress, and ignored me. She was smiling radiantly and she looked wonderfully pretty. I tried to catch her glance, but she remained apparently oblivious of my presence. I comforted myself with the thought of her remorse for this treatment when she should hear what I had gone through.

Mrs. Van Zandt had arranged to have me sit between Mrs. Eustace and Mrs. Wainwright Smith, directly oppo-

site Alice. At the moment I did not realize that Alice would overhear every word I said.

"Well, I hope you got on with the great actress?" Mrs. Eustace said under her breath.

"Oh, we got on splendidly," I replied. "We're great friends already."

"Did you talk about the play you are going to write for her?"

"We had more interesting things to talk about," I replied mysteriously.

For the first time since I took my seat, Alice turned her face toward me. Her eyes were shining feverishly, and there was a look of tension around her mouth that I had never seen before. In spite of myself, I had to look away.

"She is going to be the rage, I'm sure," Mrs. Eustace continued; "and you must cultivate her. I've been talking with Mrs. Smith, and we've made a plan for you."

"Well, that's awfully kind, I'm sure," I remarked, not daring to look at Alice for fear of reading scorn in her face. I always feel uncomfortable when I affect society-talk in her presence.

Mrs. Smith turned to me. "Lily needs some fresh air. So I'm going to take her up on the coach on Monday morning to Ardsley. Teddy's driving and he wants you to come along, too, with your wife. Now you mustn't say a word about your work. Your wife says you're a slave; but you must give up your slavery for once. Besides, it's all in the way of business. If I don't get an order for a play for you before we come home, why I'll give you an order myself, and I'll take the star-part."

I felt my eyes ridiculously filling with tears. I suppose I was still shaken up. Through a mist I looked at Alice, hoping for a sympathetic glance from her. But she sat there like stone, turning from Cosgrave to Monty to speak a few words and to force her lips into a mechanical smile. I wondered what the matter was. She had plainly fallen into one of her most terrible and inexplicable moods, the moods in which she shows what a mystery woman is.

The waiter had filled my glass with

champagne; but for fear of becoming giddy, I had not dared to drink. When the lobster was served, however, and I had eaten some, I grew courageous. Miss Valentine, I observed, ate ravenously and was having her glass replenished. A swift glance at Alice's neglected plate confirmed my worst suspicions. A wall of ice seemed to have grown up between us.

Mrs. Wainwright Smith had set the talk going again on the subject of Walter Hart's play. "I do think it's a shame the way he's captured the theatres," she said. "Why, he had four of his old plays going here at one time last winter."

"Well, that's success, isn't it?" said the good-natured Van Zandt, with the business-man's sole standard of values.

"But they are all so much alike, dearest," said his wife, with a boldness unusual in her.

"All Walter Hart can do is to make women ridiculous," Mrs. Eustace chimed in.

"That's what he calls being natural," exclaimed Miss Valentine, taking another sip of champagne. I began to be nervous for her, and to wonder if I ought not to tell Mrs. Smith what had happened. Besides, our concealing the facts so long smacked of dishonesty. The longer we delayed telling, the more I dreaded Alice's hearing.

"A gentleman to speak to Miss Valentine, sir."

We all heard the words addressed by the waiter to Gilbert Van Zandt, and we all looked startled. In the face of Mrs. Wainwright Smith, resentment of the intrusion was plainly depicted.

"Lily, you ought to teach your admirers not to be so forward."

Miss Valentine remained beautifully at ease. I had never admired her so much. Ignoring Mrs. Smith, she turned to the waiter. "Did the gentleman give his name?" she asked.

"No, miss. But I think he said he was a reporter," the waiter replied. "He wanted to speak to you about the accident, he said."

Miss Valentine's face flushed, and across the table, I could feel a sudden change in Alice.

"What accident?" Mrs. Smith asked, in a tragic whisper.

"Nothing of the least consequence." Miss Valentine was really superb. Instead of turning to Mrs. Smith, she spoke to us all. She was as casual in manner as Alice can be when she wishes to score one of her finest points. "Our horse grew a little unmanageable as we came down Broadway, and shook us up a bit."

"And you've been hiding that from us all this time, you little witch!" Mrs. Smith exclaimed, in a sibilant that somehow made a thunderous effect.

"Simply because I knew how nervous you were, dear Mrs. Smith," Miss Valentine sweetly replied.

I did not dare to look at Alice. But from across the table I was conscious that she felt a sense of triumph, resulting from a confirmation of her intuition. Whenever Alice has an intuition confirmed, the consequences are terrible.

Letty Henderson looked as if she were about to burst into tears. Mrs. Van Zandt was pale, and all the men seemed apprehensive. "Shall I go and see the reporter?" Van Zandt asked.

"No, please don't." Miss Valentine's face expressed a polite ennui. "There's nothing to be said, and I'm sorry I can't see him myself."

The waiter nodded and left the table.

"Really these actresses are quite spoiled, aren't they?" Mrs. Eustace whispered to me. "Wouldn't you think she was a little queen sitting up there?"

"Lily, you'll have to come home with me to-night," Mrs. Smith remarked severely. "I see that some one must take care of you."

I am certain that by these words Mrs. Smith did not intend to convey a reproach to me; but unintentional reproaches are the hardest to bear. Perhaps I imagined the thrill of joy that seemed to dart directly at me from across the table. At any rate, I felt relieved when Mrs. Smith exclaimed:

"The best thing I can do is to take this child away at once and put her to bed."

The others rose in silence and then a curious thing happened: the women at

once formed a group around the actress, clamoring for the story of the adventure, and the men gathered around me. We must have made a small sensation in the dining-room. After a few moments, Mrs. Smith walked toward me:

"I'm going to take you and your wife home in my carriage," she said, "with Lily. Fortunately," she concluded significantly, "I have a man on the box that I can trust."

I discovered that I had been wondering how I was to get home with Alice, and I inwardly breathed a sigh of relief. As we were leaving the hotel Teddy followed us to the carriage: "It's still on for Monday, is it?"

"Of course it is, you silly boy," Mrs. Smith replied, waving her hand impatiently. "But don't talk about it now!" she ordered.

"All right," Teddy said cheerfully, and he closed the door with a bang,

and away we started down Fifth Avenue.

During the drive to our house, Mrs. Smith occupied most of the time in scolding Lily Valentine. Alice and I sat in silence, glancing covertly at each other. As we entered our house it seemed so lonely and forlorn that I almost shivered. It took us an interminable time to drag up the stairs. I opened the door of the apartment and held my back to it as Alice passed in. "Well, my dear," I said, following her into the little hall.

She suddenly faced me, her eyes blazing: "Don't speak to me!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, very well, then," I said, and, turning on the electric-light, I went into the dining-room, changed my coat, and lit my pipe. My literary sense noted that I was going through the movements expressive of peace and content, while my whole being seemed to be wrapped in desolation.

(To be continued.)

Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow

DEAR BELINDA,—

Mrs. Hugh Bell, who some years ago cleverly tried to encourage the art of conversation by publishing a small book entitled "Conversational Openings," now endeavors to stifle half the noise of London by initiating "Wordless Conversation." It would appear that the ideas conveyed in "Conversational Openings" are now hopelessly out of date. These being days of wireless telegraphy and musicless pianos, why should we not also have wordless conversation? At any rate, Mrs. Hugh Bell thinks that it is almost incredible that a return to the ancient gesture language should not have sooner occurred to the social investigator, and that those who periodically form themselves into societies for the abatement of the noise of London should not have long before this anticipated the suggestions laid down in this little handbook of "Wordless Conversation," or the use of signals to express our ideas. It

is true, as Mrs. Bell says, that there is nothing new in the idea. The thing is to adapt the ancient method of gesture or signalling to suit the modern staircase and drawing-room. It should be as easy to express by signals as by words the phrases, "I hate her," "Don't introduce him to me," "Why, there is darling Beatrice!" But what should these signals be, and what are the advantages? Mrs. Bell, as a woman, often falls back upon our old and eloquent friend, the fan. Women, then, are to go in for fan-wagging and men for finger-wagging, and as soon as our Education Department has been convinced of the immense utility of the scheme, Mrs. Bell promises the publication (though rather vaguely) of what is distantly referred to in the pages of "Wordless Conversation" as "the larger work," or "Wagobulary." This is to be an elaborate Code-book of fan-wagging for girls and finger-wagging for boys, which, if used for the educa-

tion of young children at the time they are beginning to talk, can be as easily acquired as speech. The plan would have the further advantage that female children need not be taught to speak at all. Mrs. Bell's publishers appear to be the Society for the Propagation of Useful Knonsense.

On pages 9 and 10 Mrs. Bell gives an example of A and B meeting on a staircase in a crowd, when the usual dialogue takes place, beginning, "Oh, how d'ye do?" and going on for some hundred and fifty words, and ending up as usual, "I hope you 'll come and see me. I 'm always at home at five." It is a crime, says Mrs. Bell, that these superfluous and absurd sentences should be shrieked a hundred and fifty times on the same staircase the same evening, when by the new wordless system the whole interview would be disposed of by five fan-wags on one side and six finger-wags on the other, and A. and B. would remain calm and collected for the whole evening.

Of course, it would be impossible to find in any wagobulary of wordless conversation any code extensive enough to cover all the thrilling communications of personal and private experience which must be understood to pass between guests and guestesses. A conversation ending up with the sentence, "And the next time I met him he looked the other way; is n't it amazing?" could hardly be put into a code to which every one had the key. It would not be wise to do so. It is just as well that we should see the weak points of the system as well as its advantages. Mrs. Bell, as the advocate of the system, dwells chiefly on the advantages, one of which is the economy of time, as a great number of equivalent sentences can be rendered by the same signal. Mrs. Bell gives a brilliant example or instance of refusal to take part in a suggested course of action where equivalent sentences, "according to the idiosyncrasy of the speaker" are all rendered by one fan- or finger-wag. The sentences, "To my great regret I am prevented," "What a pity, just that day I am engaged," "Will you let me look it up and write to you?"

"I am not quite sure of my plans"; or, with a different emphasis, "Catch me!" "Nothing would induce me to do so," "I am not taking any to-day." These sentences, all expressing the idea of negation, would be rendered by one code wag, to which "the larger work" would give the clue. May the publication of this most important work not long be delayed, or the offices of the Society for the Propagation of Useful Knonsense will be besieged. Specimens of the arrangement of pages of "the larger work" reveal it as a most valuable work of reference for the household. Signals being grouped under words enable the wagger, with a very little practice, to find at once the signal he wants. Under the word "ask" we shall find the following: "Suppose we ask them?" "Shall we ask them?" "Must we ask them?" "Did they ask us?" "Does she ask us?" "Need we ask him?" "Why ask them?" The saving of energy effected in various ways will evidently enable the accomplished wagger to give parties on every day in the week.

Supplements to the Wagobulary will from time to time be published in order to include Christian names prominent at the moment, such as Arthur, Austen, Michael, Joseph, Fanny, etc. Explosives, and such terms as "Good Heavens!" "God bless my soul!" gutturals or growls, and short, expressive comments, are to be expressed by Waggars (as by street arabs and cabbies), by signs. The amount of energy saved by practised Waggars each day may be estimated as sufficient to furnish the driving power for a family of four persons at breakfast next morning. On joining the family circle at breakfast, when morning greetings and discussions of plans have been wagged in silence, the Wagger will be ready, if of the female sex, to listen with bright interest to the comments of the male Waggars on politics, toast, or other subjects naturally arising at breakfast; if of the male sex, to female views on the universe in general and particular.

It need hardly be pointed out that the Wagger holds in his hands a key to a universal language or Volapuk, and

the key or larger work already alluded to will contain Waggers' terms for all such sentences as the following, which come under the heading of "Reassurance"—that is, reassuring a Foreign Government of the harmlessness and respectability of the Wagger:—"The British Ambassador is my uncle." "My father-in-law knows the British Consul." "I am no relation to the *Times* correspondent." "I know the Lord Mayor of London." "I am (or I am not) a Cook's Tourist." The larger work will contain "an exhaustive treatise on verbs and how to wag them by the fan or by the finger. These should be mastered easily. Thus:

"WE ARE going to Paris.

"WE ARE turned out of our house by the drain.

"WE ARE going on to Lady Blank's.

"WE ARE hoping to have a few friends to-morrow."

Mrs. Bell dedicates her book sympathetically to "The Great Fatigued." That great body of folk will, no doubt, rush to buy it as soon as they hear of its existence, hoping for some relief from the boredom of average conversation. As soon as the larger work appears we may hope to see Wordless Conversation in full swing, and the fortunes made of Mrs. Hugh Bell and of the Society for the Propagation of Useful Knonsense. The fan-makers, also, should do well.

Some years ago there was published an entertaining volume of personalities entitled "Society in London, by a Foreign Resident." The same author now publishes "Society in the New Reign." The book reads like a long series of paragraphs from *The World*, woven together, it is true, with considerable skill; but on turning to the index one finds that the Foreign Resident has, for some unknown reason, given us a good deal about Lady Juta but the Duchess of Devonshire is not named. Mr. William Whiteley may, perhaps, think himself happy in being named in "Society in the New Reign," when one looks in vain in this volume for the names of either Lady Warwick or Lady Londonderry.

Besides this book by a Foreign Resi-

dent, Mr. Mallock's "Veil of the Temple"—a return to his earlier manner of parody and persiflage—and Maeterlinck's "The Double Garden" will interest if not exactly divert. Why Maeterlinck calls his book "The Double Garden" it is difficult to say; but prophets and seers are a law unto themselves, and those who practise the higher literature must be allowed certain legitimate forms of advertisement. Mr. Ruskin was most fanciful in his titles, and although attempts have been made to explain the full meaning of his titles to his books, they have never solved what was quite at the back of John Ruskin's mind when he decided to adopt many of them.

The chief interests at the moment when I write seem to be the Flower Show, the Academy, and the Derby. I do not pretend that the order in which I have written them is an order which will commend itself to many. There are, however, it is to be hoped, a few lovers of the beautiful left who agree with me that a flower is a more beautiful thing than any of the oleographs of the Royal Academy, and should be named first. My one objection to the Flower Show is that it is held in a tent. A tent is one of the most uncomfortable places wherein to view anything. There one is cabined, cribbed, confined in the worst possible way, and the crowd of people admitted at one time is so great one can only hope that the possibility of fire has been considered. The Temple Flower Show is one of the most lovely exhibitions which the season brings around: why can it not be held in a building more comfortable and airy? A visit to the Flower Show is one of the most tempting things, but the humble gardener suffers shame that he cannot produce blooms a tithe as lovely as those on view, and the proud millionaire plunges heavily in plants which may be as ugly as they please provided they are rare and costly. "The Royal Academy of Arts," says a fierce little paper called *The Tiger*, "would have us believe that we are a nation of ballet-dancers . . . when you enter room number nine the walls jump at you in ravening pinks."

The Critic

As to the Derby, it will have been run before this reaches you. I have no tips to offer. Topping & Spindler will be there, no doubt. I am, indeed, an outsider, and know not the names of the horses, though I am lost in admiration at the ingenuity of those who have

to do with the naming of horses. There was once a horse called "Lea & Perrin." It was a Mr. Worcester's horse.

Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, June, 1904.

The Editor's Clearing-House

The Lincoln Masks and Hands

Referring to the Lincoln hand in The June CRITIC it may be worth while to put on record certain facts. The undersigned was once calling on the late Wyatt Eaton, portrait painter, in his rooms in New York, when he noticed on the table a plaster cast of the face of Lincoln. This mask was unknown to the public at this time. Mr. Eaton said that it had been given to him by Mr. Douglas Volk, whose father, the sculptor, Leonard W. Volk, had taken it from life. I therefore made up a small committee, including Mr. St. Gaudens, and money was raised to purchase the original from the younger Volk, and to present the same, with the originals of the hands, to the National Museum; the subscribers receiving copies in bronze or plaster, all made under the supervision of Mr. St. Gaudens.

Not long after this I was walking along Broadway when I noticed in Fowler & Wells's window another mask of Lincoln's face which was also unknown to Lincoln's friends as well as to the general public. I inquired of the proprietors and learned that the original had been taken by Mr. Clark Mills, the sculptor, of Washington, D. C. I wrote at once to Colonel John Hay, who immediately applied to Mr. Mills's son (who was present when the mask was taken), and Mr. Lincoln's secretary became the possessor of the original of the Mills cast. A copy may be seen at the National Museum along with the other life-mask.

The two casts are touchingly different. The first is of the Western Lincoln before he wore a beard and before the cares of state fell so heavily upon his shoulders. The second is with a beard and in the anxious wearing days of the Civil War.

R. W. GILDER.

The Humorous in Nature

Humor in nature, that is, Inanimate Nature, is represented by exactly the same quantity as Snakes in Ireland.

Nature, in and of itself, has no sense of humor. According to the poets it is possessed of a great gladness and sympathy; according to the physicians it possesses a marvellous healing power; according to the scientists it is full of interesting phenomena.

But no mere humorist, on the lookout for mere humor, can find in nature any of that commodity save what he himself brings to it.

A real, discriminating humorist will soon discover this fact for himself, though the thoughtless amateur penny-a-liner will probably refute it.

But the things which seem to him funny are merely accidents or distortions of nature; and to our perverted human senses accidents or distortions are always ludicrous.

Nature may be grand, glorious, magnificent, awe-inspiring, and impressive, but who ever saw anything funny in the fact of the Alps, the Mississippi River, or the Rock of Gibraltar? If there be anything funny about these it is not *per se*, but is extraneously supplied by the hand of man or the advertising agent.

Again, Nature may be glad and gay in the springtime, riotously happy in summer, sad and depressing in the autumn, and sublimely beautiful in winter; but at no season of the year can Nature be said to be funny.

It is a lack, and it is an explanation of the fact that many people have not that love of nature which is deemed by some a necessity to a well-regulated temperament.

But, given a strong and appreciative sense of humor, one is not content to find sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks; but desires moreover, comic papers in the forests and humorous columns in the fields.

Nor is Animate Nature any more imbued with the humorous sense.

Man excepted (and thus, perhaps, excluding the monkey) there is no animal who is ever intentionally funny or voluntarily ludicrous.

The domestic animals we have known are often proud, reserved, coquettish, angry, sel-

fish, or pathetic, but never humorous; the wild animals we have been told of exhibit many human traits, but we have yet to read of one who showed any humorous instinct.

All of which is by way of apology for the rather large class of people who have not that love of nature which is so prevalent just now, and to whom, for this very reason, Nature Books are dreary reading.

CAROLYN WELLS.

Who 's-Whoness: Its Nature Determined

Within no very long time two magazine writers have attempted a kind of study of "success" or "distinction" (as they severally phrased it) based upon the testimony of that portly and useful volume, "Who 's Who in America." One of them thought it best to acknowledge that this criterion was chosen for its convenience rather than its finality. Personally I saw no occasion for such reservations; the method adopted seemed to me to answer very well. My name and deeds had, to be sure, just been recorded for the first time upon that roll of fame; and for a day or two I had felt toward it something of what Sir Walter Elliot of Kellyub Hall felt toward the Baronetage. I now began to turn it over again, taking some pains to look up the standing of various personal acquaintances; and could not help being aware of a kind of justice in the fact that most of them were absent from the record.

Further examination, however, disclosed a curious unfitness in the presence of several names which were included. They stood for persons of whom I am able to have very little opinion; persons who appear to have hoisted themselves into a kind of consciousness by doing one thing or another that no reasonable person would care to do. I specify nothing; name no names. Anybody who examines the book without prejudice will understand what I mean. If one is to take satisfaction in being a "Who 's Who," he must be sure that the tribunal which has declared him such is thoroughly conversant with what is what. And it is plain that if really distinguished people are to be set side by side with ordinary people the public ought in some way to be advised as to which is which. I do not know that a different colored ink should be used, though I think of a name which is said to look uncommonly well in red.

My uncertainty as to the specific quality of the Who 's Who? has been in some measure relieved by the nature of a recent communication from a gentleman who is able to think of

Who 's-Whoness not only as a determinable condition but as a useful commodity. His name, as he is good enough to inform us, may be found on a certain page in the Fat Red Book. From the copious data thereto appended one gathers that his eminence is due to an almost unexampled command of the boot-strap. He has not been content with a theoretical approbation of Worthy Causes. He has made a specialty of organizing Societies; and is not ashamed to confess that the Brotherhood of Man, the cause of Liberty and Peace, and, in general, the Amelioration of Things, can in his opinion best be served by the organization of Societies, and by the wearing of Rosettes. His present manifesto displays a delightfully distinct conception of the given enterprise, a supposititious Society of the Who 's Who's, and of the way in which the grand project is to be made effective. The plan is simply "to bring about the closest accord, the fullest unity of purpose, between those who speak with the tongue of Shakespeare and Milton." The proposer has, it should be said, a leaning toward mercy in the instances of such as speak with any other tongue; and pleasantly suggests that the French Legion of Honor may later be admitted to affiliation. The immediate question is then properly proceeded to in the following terms:

"We must have a supporting fund at once, for the work before us is ripe, and at hand, and where the 25,000 leading minds of Great Britain and the United States are enlisted and brought into accord, heart to heart, and shoulder to shoulder, for the greatest work in the world, in the year 1904—the substitution of Peace, Plenty, Liberty, Justice, and Law for Militarism, they should be, and doubtless will be, sustained by ample resources. Our at present plan for meeting the financial necessities of the organization are:

"First, to let every Who 's Who return the cost of sending this communication to him;

"Second, pay for the Rosette, as many as he may wish to order at 25 c. each;

"Third, pay a poll tax to the Society, of one dollar a year;

"Fourth, a voluntary contribution;

"Fifth, pledge the income and earnings of at least one day a year to the cause of World Liberty and Peace as represented by this Society."

One notes the gradual and graceful withdrawal of the main verb as the scope of the member's privileges is extended. One notes also the sweet license awarded to the purchaser of Rosettes (which, it appears, are already organized and procurable). Finally, one notes the burst of expansiveness with which the communication closes, at this point

especially remarkable for its fine bold treatment of the tongue of Shakespeare and Milton:

"It is naturally true that the 'Who's Who's' are in most cases well advanced in years, and an organization like we propose, with so important a mission, must have the earnest co-operation and assistance from those who are to be the 'Who's Who's' of the future. With this thought in mind, every 'Who's Who' will be privileged to nominate, at this time, three persons from the generation following the one for which he stands, two men and one woman, or two women and one man, persons who they believe have it in them to command in time the recognition of a Who's Who. . . ."

These "apprentice members" are, it seems, to enjoy at once the Rosette and other privileges due to full members of the society. One or two questions arise in the reflective mind as to possible improvements in the details of this admirable scheme: (1) Ought not the member to pay his poll tax before he is allowed to pay

for his Rosette or assortment of Rosettes? Or (2) ought not an order for a certain number of Rosettes to give him immunity from said tax? (3) Ought there not to be a special Rosette for members who may be sufficiently voluntary, or voluntarily sufficient in their contributions? Such matters ought not to be pressed, perhaps. It should be enough that we have at last arrived at a satisfactory definition of Who's Whoness: that one should possess *the ability to command the recognition of a Who's Who.* What more simple and efficacious means toward this end than the donning of a harmless Rosette or two? With our three apprentice members *per capita*, we shall have a total army 100,000 strong. Under the circumstances it is surely not too sanguine to infer that the sale of the Who's Who Rosette will appropriately keep pace with the movement toward substituting Peace, Plenty, Liberty, Justice, and Law, for Militarism.

H. W. BOYNTON.

Books Reviewed—Fact and Fiction

This is a remarkable first book.* Except for an impatience of the commonplace which has here and there prompted strange and formidable wordings that distract the attention

Another Notable Début which they should more unobtrusively present, the style is that of a finished and practised writer, who knows her medium. There are no unnecessary digressions; there is nothing overtold—that familiar pitfall of inexperience. The scenes follow one another with the logic of stage craft, and, while there is never a break in the illusion, the cumulative effect is in a great measure due to the admirable mechanical construction underneath.

All this would point to an even greater success to come. Much may reasonably be expected of a young writer who has known how to begin her story at exactly the right moment, neither a day too late, nor, what is more frequently the trouble, a good many years too soon.

Oliver Holbein's wonderful boyhood, which was the key to his temperament and later loneliness, might well have tempted an experienced author from the straight and narrow path of dramatic unities. But how much

more dramatically it is described later by Holbein himself, with the woman who loves him listening.

Exiled within himself by an unfortunate marriage, shut in with his violin into the only room in the house that seems his own, Holbein is presented to the reader at the moment that the girl enters who is to bring him back to his world; to give him to the woman who could not, herself, break through a heritage of obligation to save him even from death.

It is the pitiful tragedy of youth, touched with youth's sacred fire, and the death of the oldest Bezarique, with its needless, quixotic sacrifice, that furnishes a parallel which for dramatic intensity and directness has not been equalled in the many novels that have had similar themes. The question which the book asks is the eternal question of quivering, stricken youth, face to face with the sacrifices demanded by society,—the *noblesse oblige* of convention. And the answer offered is that of Omar Khayyam, which would be a cynical answer, if the book ended there.

But the art that created such technique that on the entrance of certain characters the very tenor of the narrative changes, without any visible change of style, so that the reader feels the jar of their presence as he would feel it on their entrance on the stage,—such an

* "The Pastime of Eternity." By BEATRIX DEMAREST LLOYD. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

art as this would not have left the story to end in unrelieved gloom. Neither does it end in the vision of fulfilled desire, but rather after the manner of the life we all lead, with heaven bestowed too late to bring quite perfect joy,—on the Wagnerian half-note.

MARGARET TRACY.

Mr. Colton's short stories, collected in the two volumes, "The Delectable Mountains" and "Tioba," have won him an enthusiastic literary following, to whom his first novel* is a distinct event. It is possible that Mr. Colton has not taken the event quite so seriously, for "Port Argent" is a book of great moments, rather than in any sense a great book. It is a story told by flashes of light; a glimpse of faces vividly caught in the memory. There is no continuing city. Mr. Colton's Even the felicitous reserves, the Début as a crystallization of style which distinguishes it as they have distinguished his short stories, lend to the longer flight an all but too rarefied atmosphere. Perhaps there is something in this fleeting, half-droll, half-tender impression of modern phases which the partisan with an institution to support, the sociologist with a mission to perform, might with profit consider; a tolerant attitude, a universal way of viewing things. "Adaptability," it says, "seems the great test of permanence. Whatever is rigid is fragile."

Port Argent is one of the accidental cities of the middle West; definite as to its importance to the world, vague as to its causes; built to prosper by an engineer who was unembarrassed by the claims of party, and—later—made to pay. By a certain poetic justice, the boss and the socialist, working their separate ways, according to their notions of things, arrive at the same idea, and this is the municipal importance of young Dick Hennion, son of the man who built the canal and the railroad, and was unembarrassed. Following in the footsteps of his father, the younger Hennion inherits traditions. He does not aspire to fill the place of Wood, the boss, although the boss has singled him out as the only man who could keep the organization together. He does, however, have a vision of Port Argent, wearing for a moon-shaped boulevard, strung with parks, like a lady's necklace.

To one not an observer of decades, the dramatic interest of the story makes Port Argent desirable for its own sake. It is a story of breathless events and of remarkable

* "Port Argent." By ARTHUR COLTON. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.

concentration taking place in the crowded weeks of the municipal elections; a crucial moment in the life of a city too small and new to cover up its tawdriness, but firm in its lusty optimism, "masculine rather than feminine, reckless, knowing not form or order, given to growing pains, boyish notions, ungainly gestures, changes of energy and sloth, high hope and sudden despondency."

The echoes of party politics and the eloquent paradoxes of the socialist effect a dim tumult in the stately house of the Champneys, on Lower Bank Street; and perhaps no observer of decades who was not first of all an artist could have drawn together two elements so diverse as the career of Dick Hennion and his love story, and reconciled them.

And if one ventured to seek the author's point of view in it all—through his whimsical treatment of the political phases and the sociological revolutions of to-day that are so worried and haggled over by the uncompromising realist, one might imagine that he says: "It seems a trifle pushing, so to trespass on the attention of posterity; after all, 'it is the passing river that remains.'" M. T.

"Anna the Adventuress," * bound in red, should make a close running this year with The "Twelfth" Idea—the popular selling novels. Mystery, tragedy, and crime are more Up to Date than hinted at on the first page. Before you turn the leaf you have a "guess" in your mind; turn it, and you "guess again." A wrecked automobile; a dark, huddled figure in its shadow; a terrified girl, lifting high the torn lace of muslin petticoats in her flight across the white level stretch of a French road. The attention, caught by these kinetoscopic glimpses, is held by the disjointed phrases: "If any one had seen,—or heard,—or were coming now,—God help her!" The story is primarily a novel of incident and plot, but there is a pretty psychological problem underlying it. Anna, the good sister, bears the undeserved stigma of "Adventuress," even on the title-page. She is sacrificed at first by Annabel, who assumes her name to bolster up her own waning reputation, and later she herself continues the deception for her sister's sake. Anna has three declared suitors; one of them, Nigel-Ennison, possesses an instinct for truth as keen as a hound's scent for game. He loves Annabel in Paris, in a trifling, promising way; he falls in love with Anna in London, in the serious, good old fashion,

* "Anna the Adventuress." By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. Little, Brown, & Co.

The Critic

though still believing her to be the woman he had originally met. Who 's who? is the puzzle that confronts him. He begins to suspect the truth, impossible as it appears.

We have the best of precedents in "Twelfth Night" for two sets of extraordinary likeness in one play, but it seems a bit bold to repeat this experiment in a modern novel. The author, however, finds the idea good, and harks back to it in the case of Montague Hill, who poses under the name and fame of a distinguished person whom he strongly resembles. Mr. Oppenheim must be criticised also for introducing the hackneyed boarding-house, with its detailed description of uninteresting people whom we are never to meet again, and who serve no purpose in the story. Boarding-houses, in modern fiction, are as numerous and tiresome as perpetual divans and studios, and ladies in black putting on or removing picture hats. The characters, manikins for the most part, move as evenly and as neatly as mignonettes on a mimic stage. Anna is the goddess in the machine, divinely human, happy and brave.

The story has had a success in England. Read it, take it to the country or Europe, and leave it behind you on shipboard or in hammock, for the sake of the next comer.

M. M. MASON.

"Holy Russia" is a Church before being an Empire. As such the Jews summon her to trial before the nations. We understand that Russia is for Western Europe the dyke against the deluge of the "Yellow Terror." In America this consideration does affect selfish interests. Therefore the appeal made to us is that if Russia prevails in Manchuria she will impair if not destroy the United States' trade with

**The Jews
and Russia**

China and contest our grain trade with the world. Only in so far as these books which we open have any literary value, do we feel called upon to give an opinion. All the remainder is of the reprisals of the Jews for the offence of Kishineff. Russia is a Christian nation, although, like the English in Africa and the United States in the Philippines, her army officers have sometimes become temporarily oblivious of the Sermon on the Mount. Brain lesion, perhaps. Therefore no stone-throwing. Both Dr. Adler's book * and Dr. Singer's † are skilfully constructed polemics against Russia, for which we do not pretend to hold a brief. For those who wish to hear another side Mr. Beveridge's ‡ narrative is an offset. He describes the Russians as they essentially are, and presents us much food for serious thought. His mental attitude will not obtain the admiration of those whom Matthew Arnold called Philistines. It is too remote from the vulgar ideal. In effect the three books put together here furnish material for fruitful reflection. After all, what moves the world is ideals and sentiments. With these our authors deal, as with forces hardly understood. No doubt all three books are extremely ephemeral, but it is with everlasting forces that they deal: The commercial is arrayed against the spiritual ideal. All the rest is mere detail;—whether execrable or justifiable it will drop into the void. The ideals endure. Who doubts which in the end will prevail? Let him study the history of the great Semitic nations.

C. J. WOOD.

* "The Voice of America on Kishineff." Edited by CYRUS ADLER. Jewish Pub. Soc. \$1.50.

† "Russia at the Bar of the American People." By ISADORE SINGER, Ph.D. \$1.50.

‡ "The Russian Advance." By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE. Harper. \$2.00.

The Book-Buyer's Guide

ART

Von Mach—Greek Sculpture, Its Spirit and Principles. By Edmund von Mach, Ph.D. Ginn & Co.

There is a freshness of treatment and freedom of thought which causes this book to occupy a position somewhat apart from the usual "manual" on Greek sculpture. Professor von Mach is often original and habitually unconventional. What is not to be omitted in this notice is that his book is notably readable. His psychological theories must interest any reader. Unhesitatingly we recommend this book to tourists and art students of all sorts.

BELLES-LETTRES

Munger—Essays for the Day. By Theodore T. Munger. Houghton. \$1.00 net.

Timely, thoughtful, and sensible papers on the Church, the interplay of Christianity and Literature, Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," and other subjects—in no wise inferior to the five or six earlier books by the same author which are so widely and so favorably known.

Tolman—The Views about Hamlet, and Other Essays. By Alfred H. Tolman. Houghton. \$1.50 net.

The title essay classifies and analyzes the chief theories about Hamlet with admirable clearness, furnishing a useful outline and summary of that voluminous literature. The other papers are on "Macbeth," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Love's Labour's Won" (which the author quite conclusively proves to be "The Taming of the Shrew"), Lanier's "Science of English Verse," the Finnish "Kalevala," Shakespeare's Stage, the Symbolic Value of English Sounds, English Surnames, Anglo-Saxon Poetry, etc. All thoroughly scholarly and containing much sound and valuable criticism.

BIOGRAPHY

Airy—Charles II. By Osmund Airy, LL.D., M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s. 6d.

This book does not profess to be a complete life of Charles II., but rather a study of the causes that led him to be one of the worst of the English kings. The author gives specially careful attention to the early life of Charles and the nine years exile during which the character which was to make him so notorious was formed. Many of the most prominent men and women of the time come within the scope of the narrative, and there are graphic descriptions of the abandoned profligacy of the Court, and the shameless corruption of political as well as private life, without which it would be impossible to write of Charles II. We put down the book with a very clear im-

pression of the condition of England at this period, and the disorder and degradation of the country when the reaction from Puritanism left her ready to welcome the worthless creature that Charles had already become.

Ogden—William Hickling Prescott. By Rollo Ogden. \$1.10 net.

A new issue in the series of "American Men of Letters," by the accomplished editor of the *Evening Post*, who has had the advantage of being allowed to use unpublished papers in the possession of Prescott's family and other material which has not been previously available, enabling him to make the book one of the most valuable and attractive of these compact biographies.

Pearson—The Life of John A. Andrew. By Henry Greenleaf Pearson. 2 vols. Houghton. \$5.00 net.

The biography of the great "War Governor" of Massachusetts is necessarily an important part of the history of the State at a critical period in its own annals and those of the country. It was well perhaps that the task of writing it should have been delayed these many years, and that it should fall into the hands of one who had no active part in the events it describes, but could view them in the perspective of history. Mr. Pearson has done the work, to quote what Andrew himself once said should characterize such a record, "with pious carefulness, but with impartial fidelity and independence." He has been conscientiously free from all partisanship, and the result seems to us a model work of its class. He had free access to all public and private records in the archives of the State and in the possession of the family and many friends of Andrew, and he shows excellent judgment, discretion, and taste, no less than marked literary ability, in the use he has made of this great mass of material. It is in every way a fitting monument to the memory of one of the most distinguished sons, citizens, and chief magistrates of Massachusetts.

Slattery—Edward Lincoln Atkinson. By Charles L. Slattery. Longmans. \$1.00 net.

A sympathetic tribute to a young and promising clergyman, who in his brief life of thirty-seven years endeared himself to all who knew him.

Wilkins—A Queen of Tears. Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark and Norway and Princess of Great Britain and Ireland. By W. H. Wilkins, M.A., F.S.A. Illustrated. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. \$12.00.

Mr. Wilkins has already proved himself a worthy champion of the ladies of the house

The Critic

of Hanover, and does full justice to the pathos and tragedy of the life of the unfortunate Danish Queen. The story of Caroline Matilda is not widely known, but as an unhappy Queen she ranks second to Mary Stuart and Marie Antoinette, while the extraordinary rise of her favorite Struensee is probably unique in the annals of modern European history. Mr. Wilkins has been able to make use of documents that are here published for the first time, while some of the material from the Royal Archives at Copenhagen has been hitherto unknown to English readers. Encouraged by his very plausible, easy manner of telling the story, it is hard to put down the book before reaching its end. In dramatic interest it outranks many a record breaking novel.

FICTION

Adams—A Texas Matchmaker. By Andy Adams. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

The title of Mr. Adams's other book, "The Log of a Cowboy," would have suited this one equally well. So much of the description of ranch life is too incomprehensible to the average American to be interesting. The old Matchmaker is often lost sight of, but in the glimpses we have of him we feel that he belongs to the vast Texas ranches where near neighbors lived thirty miles away, and the trammels of Eastern civilization were unknown. He is trying to make a match for one of his boys, and advises him thus: "Don't waste any words with old man Nate, . . . but build right up to Miss Jule. Holy snakes, boy, if I was your age I would make her busy with a big talk. Tell her you're thinking of quitting Las Palomas and driving a trail herd yourself next year. Tell it big and scary. Make her eyes fairly bulge out, and when you can't think of anything else, tell her she's pretty." Save for these snatches of breeziness the author has an exasperatingly tranquil manner of dealing with the freedom of life in the days when Texas knew no fences. Bronco busting, elopments, shootings, divorces, and cougar hunts are unemotionally mentioned in language somewhat stilted for a cowboy. "Miss Jean lent only the approval of her presence, not participating, and withdrawing at an early hour . . . all the American element spoke Spanish slightly . . . but further than to countenance with our presence the festivities we were out of place. . . ." In spite of this stiffness, the book is pleasing enough for us to read to the end. It suggests a rather dry lecture given for the benefit of a fresh air fund.

Burgess and Irwin—The Picaroons. By Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

As in their "Reign of Queen Isyl," these authors have again combined an antique form with the most modern of material. Their model in this case is the Picaresque Tales of the Spanish literature of the early 17th century—romances of roguery. The new Picaroons are discovered in "Coffee John's" in

San Francisco, and their adventures are original and engrossing. These writers have just the fearless ingenuity necessary to carry through a scheme of this sort, and they have succeeded even better than in their previous collaboration, though probably neither book will be intelligible in five years, because of the transitory quality of its idiom. Perhaps no other city than San Francisco could have yielded this sort of material. At all events, the "Story of the Ex-Medium," the "Story of the Dermograph Artist," the "Story of the Retired Car Conductor," and the like, are genuinely amusing.

Craddock—The Frontiersman. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton. \$1.50.

This is a collection of Indian stories timed in days before the American Revolution. Their locality is the charmed region of the Great Smoky Mountains. By some these tales will be prized because they contain much curious folk-lore. Others will enjoy the book for its superior literary excellence.

Harris—A Little Union Scout. By Joel Chandler Harris. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.25.

A lamely told story of a woman who played scout for the North in Tennessee during the Rebellion. There is also a hero, a young Confederate soldier, but he is a strangely, misty character. The story continually threatens climaxes but never produces them, a habit which the most docile reader may justifiably resent. The theme, that of a woman scout who half the time is disguised as a man, and whose enemy falls in love with her, is a traditional favorite with historians of romance and adventure, but Mr. Harris has touched upon its possibilities only superficially and sketchily.

Hearn—Kwaidan. By Lafcadio Hearn. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

These are folk-tales, mostly of ghosts and goblins, retold by Mr. Hearn, whose work here lacks, for some reason, its customary enchantment. The stories are merely fragments, and the beliefs upon which they are based are neither beautiful nor indicative of a remarkable quality of imagination. More interesting are the three final "Insect-Studies," which deal with butterflies, mosquitoes, and ants. The essay of butterflies is a delightful and valuable interpretation of a prominent element in Japanese life and literature, and the study of ants will inevitably suggest, in a certain measure, Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee."

Johnston—Sir Mortimer. By Mary Johnston. Harper. \$1.50.

Good as they are, Mr. Yohn's illustrations do not quite succeed in galvanising the characters in this book into real life. The days of Elizabeth's court and the piratical adventurers of her subjects on the high seas appear as through many books of history read. It seems a pity to kill the goose that laid the golden egg, as

Miss Johnston is doing by producing work that only echoes "To Have and to Hold." The reader continues "Sir Mortimer" with firm resolve and finishes it with dogged determination. Compared to its forerunners, it is dull. With the author's powers of description, she might produce something really good in another field. This one is evidently over-worked, and the result is weeds.

Mackaye—The Panchronicon. By Harold Steele Mackaye. Scribner. \$1.50.

In "The Panchronicon" Mr. Mackaye has written a clever, ingenious, subtle story. The Panchronicon is a time-machine, which, by "cutting meridians" at the North Pole, is not only able to carry its inhabitants back into the past, but can take them into the future. Copernicus Droop and two New Hampshire spinsters, one incipient, one real, journey in it to the North Pole in order to cut back to 1876, when Copernicus hopes to sell some patents already invented in 1898. While he is under the influence of the fatal cup which inebriates without cheering, the machine continues on until it reaches England in 1598. Phoebe, the younger spinster, becomes the personality of Lady Mary Burton, her ancestor, whose love-letters she has unceasingly studied in New Hampshire, and Rebecca remains her New England self. The resulting complications are genuinely amusing: Sir Francis Bacon scorns the idea of having written Shakespeare's plays, Phoebe meets Shakespeare and helps him write "Hamlet," and Rebecca is received as an American princess on board the royal barge, and treated accordingly. The only flaw in the book is the inconsistency of Copernicus Droop in carrying a flask of nineteenth century rye, when he continually asks for a Scotch high ball. Mr. Mackaye should "study up" on this subject.

Mathews—A Little Tragedy at Tien-Tsin. By Frances Aymar Mathews. Robert Grier Cooke. \$1.50.

A most diverting tour of the world is afforded by this highly varied collection of stories, whose scenes are of China, Italy, France, England, Canada, New England, and the Bowery. The tales are all told in a lively style, and the points are efficiently made, whether in tragedy or comedy, for the stories are in all keys. "The Little Tragedy" is well told, whether it be good Chinese psychology or not; an excellent story of its kind. The author is throughout original, and desperately, almost flippantly, entertaining.

Quiller-Couch—Two Sides of the Face. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Scribner. \$1.50.

Eight good stories, mainly on ghastly and sombre themes, yet with a few humorous ones. In each one the reader may get the satisfaction to be had from an experienced story-teller who has a substantial story to tell. Most of them deal with older times, none is at all modern in treatment.

Shackleton—The Great Adventurer. By Robert Shackleton. Doubleday, Page. \$1.50

There is no visible reason why this book should have been published, except for the author to present his friends with autograph copies. The hero is Newbury Linn, a combiner of trusts, described as a "splendidly gifted man." He conceals his gifts rather well from the reader, which probably indicates his cleverness. The evils of the trust system are dilated upon at great length, but in these days such a discourse is like carrying coals to Pennsylvania. There is one woman Katharine, loved by three men (one of them a burglar, but that shows how many-sided was her appeal), and captured by a fourth, the unloving president of a bank, the dark horse whom none of the others suspected. The burglar furnishes the two interesting spots in the story, three or four pages apiece, and the Great Adventurer says one good thing, "I can always buy the man who talks of his own goodness."

White—The Silent Places. By Stewart Edward White. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

It must be admitted that this is a very youthful book. Mr. White knows the Hudson Bay country, and he has what may fairly be called a knack at describing it. Nevertheless he sometimes overreaches himself, for, though usually his phrases are prettily descriptive, it uncomfortably happens, in the course of this narrative, that the horizon became "fearful with the large-blown mirages of little things"; while, at another time, "a soft sunlight lay enervated across the world." Mr. White's insight into human nature is very limited and naive, and his sense of values faulty. He appears to believe that his leading character, for instance, is a hero, and his enterprise a heroic one; whereas, the hunting down of a dishonest Indian that the Hudson Bay Company may punish him is not an excursion that in the least appeals to the imagination. Dick Herron, the young man who, with overdrawn brutality, permits the Indian girl who loves him to starve to death, returns in safety, but, as the result of his experience, we are told, "in the depths of his strange, narrow eyes was a new steadiness, a new responsibility." "These men had done a great thing, and thus simply they told it," comments the author, solemnly, at the end.

POETRY AND VERSE

Anspacher—Tristan and Isolde. A Tragedy. By Louis K. Anspacher. Brentano. \$2.00.

That the author of "Tristan and Isolde" is single-hearted in his devotion to the muse might be gathered from the sentiment expressed in the sonnet that stands as prologue to his Tragedy, as well as in the declaration that forms the substance of his lyric Epilogue, in which the singer's desire thus phrases itself:

"Oh, let me sing one eager, throbbing song
With words the heart hath found;
I, then, too, willingly will join the throng
Of dead ones under ground."

So much for the vowed allegiance of the author's heart; and that he has, also, studiously pursued what we might call the curriculum of the poet, may be inferred from the acknowledgment, in his "Foreword," of his gratitude to Mr. George Edward Woodberry, "whose patient and stimulating criticism," the author declares, has been to him a "source of inspiration" in his work. The legend of "Tristan and Isolde" is a perennial flower of Trebizond, out of which every essaying poet distills his own manner of sorcerous sweet. Dr. Anspacher's treatment lays special stress upon the substitution of one magic potion for another; the result of which act, instead of procuring, as Isolde anticipated, the simultaneous death of herself and Tristan, is only to strengthen the chain wherewith the two are so darkly bound. The character of King Mark suggests moral kinship with that of Arthur; and, indeed, in the treatment of his blank verse, the author not infrequently gives the reader occasion to remember Tennysonian method and precept. As an example of Dr. Anspacher's matter and manner, the following passage may be taken as characteristic. Isolde is describing the first appearance, to her eyes, of Tristan, disguised as a wandering minstrel, and seeking at her hands the magic cure of the sword wound whose venom was, also, of her own occult distillation.

"Isolde: (dreamily)

He sang so sweet,
And looked so melancholy large in eye,
I pitied him in pain. He won my love;
And since that time has never lost it, liege.
It seemed his pain had made his lay more
sweet,
As I have heard the nightingale doth sing
Pierced by a thorn; and that God pains the
hearts
Of poets most, who sing the sweetest songs.
I nursed him through my pity to my love."

Carman—The Word at St. Kavin's. By Bliss Carman. Monadnock Press, Nelson, N. H. \$2.50.

Mr. Bliss Carman's St. Kavin (albeit this ghostly counsellor comes to us, in sumptuous red, like a cardinal) is, in his spiritual import, an own brother of the monk of Assisi who paid his devoires to "holy St. Poverty." "The Word at St. Kavin's" is a dissertation, in rhyming stanzas, on the beauty and holiness of plain living; and the poet's exhortation would lead us

"Back to the fair sweet way
Our mother Nature taught us long ago,—
The large primeval mood,
Leisure and amplitude,
The dignity of Patience strong and slow."

There is more of homily than of poesy in these two hundred and sixty odd lines; yet is the

technical form of that even excellence which we are, as a rule, permitted to expect from Mr. Carman's muse. "Alton hand-made paper" and other insignia of opulence in book-making are employed to convey attractively the kernel of this ascetic gospel.

Litchfield—Vita—A Drama. By Grace Denio Litchfield. Badger. \$1.25.

The blank verse employed in this allegorical drama derives, in its handling and also in its sombre mood, from "Festus"; while its motive may have been suggested by the recent revival of "Everyman," the old Morality Play. All the persons of Miss Litchfield's drama are abstractions. Vita (or Life), with attendant Care, Faith, Malice, is in pursuit of elusive Happiness, who, in turn, is in pursuit of Truth! Incidentally, Life meets with Hope, the Sorceress, who, in a "Heart-shaped cave," is attending to the bubbling of her chaldrone. We borrow from their dialogue, as follows:

*Vita: Canst help me not?
Hope: Yea. I can blind thine eyes
So thou shalt think thou graspest all of Heaven
With but the upward stretching of a hand.
Yea. I can bind such sandals to thy feet
Thou shalt walk over sword-blades league on
league,
To pluck a nettle, and not know they bleed."*

We must observe, in passing, that Miss Litchfield is too skilled a verse-wright to have permitted to herself such verbal usage as, "softly and oftly."

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

A Norwegian Ramble. By one of the Ramblers. Putnam. \$1.20.

A pleasant narrative of travel in the less familiar routes generally followed by the tourist, in addition to some others oftener written about; with vivid descriptions of natural scenery and sympathetic sketches of the "kindly hearted, hospitable, and supremely honest people." Fastidious smokers, however, who follow in the track of these ramblers will do well to note the warning that the cigars to be found *en route* are "the worst in the world." The illustrations are from photographs.

McGary—An American Girl in Mexico. By Elizabeth V. McGary. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00 net.

The author spent a year in Mexico, living most of the time in a private family, and seeing the best home and social life of the country, but with her eyes open to other phases of life in the capital and elsewhere. Her opportunities were thus superior to those of the ordinary tourist, and the book has therefore more than ordinary interest. The illustrations from photographs are also better than the average.

(For list of books received see three pages following.)

